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The Duke of Gulsebury (Mr. Beerbohm Tree). Drusilla Ives (Miss Julia Neilson).

David Ives (Mr. Fernandez).



SCENE FROM "THE DANCING GIRL," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Even in these plagiarist-hunting days it is not thought worthy of death that an author should plagiarise from himself; and if he is a prolific author he is almost certain to do so. Some do it in malice premeditated; the late Lord Lytton and Lefanu "made no bones" of writing a long novel founded on a short story of their own. The plan is thought to give an interesting insight into the growth of an author's mind, and, like most things advocated on such lofty grounds, is also deuced convenient. Like the repetition of the refrain of the old ballad (or the new one with an *e*), it is at once æsthetic and economical. But authors often plagiarise from themselves unconsciously. A curious instance of this occurs in "The Fair Maid of Perth," where a situation has been pillaged by Walter Scott from his own "Marmion." Most readers will remember the stirring scene wherein the latter bids farewell to Tantallon:—

"Though something I might plain (he said)
Of cold respect to stranger guest
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's tower I staid,
Part, we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open to my Sovereign's will
To each one whom he lists, how'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!"

Now, in "The Fair Maid of Perth," where King Robert is endeavouring to make peace between the Earl of March and another Douglas, he says: "Stay, my Lord! Do us not so gross an injury as to bring your feud to mortal defiance here; but rather offer your ungloved hand in kindness to the noble Earl, and embrace in token of your mutual fealty to the cause of Scotland!" "Not so, my liege," answers March. "Your Majesty may command me to return my gauntlet, for that and all the armour it belongs to are at your command, while I continue to hold my Earldom of the crown of Scotland; but when I clasp Douglas it must be with a mailed hand." Though one is stated in rhyme and the other in prose, the sentiments of the two speeches are identical. Even yet the poem is well known, but scarcely the novel. I was reading it on a sick-bed but lately, with many a grateful thought of Sir Walter. I dare say the story has often been pronounced "sensational"—or, if it has not, the critics must have forgotten their cuckoo cry indeed—but what "fine miscellaneous" reading there is in it! It contains material for half a dozen novels, even of its own class, and incidents to suffice for the whole literature of fiction of the New World for the last twenty years.

Sickness is a great test of the attraction of fiction, though not perhaps of its merits; in this respect it has a parallel in religious matters: a dying man often turns to his first faith, not from conviction, but from association. He is not in a position to exercise a logical judgment; his time for grappling is past, and his time for embracing has come. Nevertheless, there is something more in this than the Rationalists would have us believe. When we are leaving this world, supposing our wits remain to us at all, it is not the shadow that attracts us but the substance. Our creed may be a mistaken one, but so far as we are concerned it is genuine. Thus it is with our fiction: when we are ill our critical faculty may be weaker than when we are well, but it is more honest; we have no sham admiration; we read what we like and because we like it, not to do us good and improve our minds. This is a position in which a good deal of literary superstition gets exploded. Few men, perhaps, have read more of Scott—or more often—than myself; but when the critic, with his nose in the air, says to his sick friend, "Read Scott!" I doubt whether he is laying him under an obligation. He must go a little further, and tell him which of his works to read. In my edition of the Waverley novels, "The Fair Maid of Perth" happens to be bound up in the same volume with that other Maiden (of the mist) who owes her parentage to the same author. That so good a novel should have been immediately followed by so bad a one seems strange indeed. The fantasies of a sick-bed, however, are notorious, and wing their flight at the highest game: to find fault with "Waverley," for example, can only be the result of a mind diseased; still, it must be confessed that, when one is sick, the Baron of Bradwardine seems the champion bore of fiction.

My friend ("if he will allow me to call him so") his Beatitude Sophronius, Archbishop of Cyprus, has been answering a letter of condolence in red ink. Its recipient, an English Bishop, seems to have been a little astonished thereat, associating that colour, no doubt, with those "red-lined accounts" which the commercial world esteems (not unnaturally) above "the songs of Grecian years." It is, however, all right. The Emperor Zeno, it appears, in the fifth century, bestowed the privilege of writing in red ink (otherwise reserved for the Emperor himself) on the Archbishop of Cyprus. I do not suppose it is copyright, but I have infringed this privilege for years in correcting proofs without giving a thought either to the good Emperor or his Beatitude of Cyprus, and feel that I owe them some apology.

In old times there was a great variety in inks, as in composition. In Rome, letters were written in gold and silver, on violet parchment, and this custom was continued in the early ages of the Church, as may be seen from copies of the gospel in the British Museum. "We possess," says Disraeli the elder, "no inks equal in beauty and colour to those used by the ancients. The records of the fifth to the twelfth century are

in the finest preservation, while those of the fifteenth to the seventeenth are hardly decipherable"—all through using "the finest ink, at a penny a bottle." The permanence of his ink is just one of those things that a copyist does not think about. It will certainly last his time.

The *Spectator* has lost sight of its usual chivalry in its onslaught upon lady whist-players. It is, unhappily, too true that they will never lead trumps, but hoard them, arguing perhaps that they become more and more valuable as the adversaries expend theirs in winning tricks, but the charges made by that journal of inattention and abstraction in the fair sex are unjust and untenable. Of course, if the lady whist-players are playing "for love," they will think of love, or anything else except whist. No game was ever yet invented which held the female mind in thrall save by indirect means. Where would croquet have been, so far as the ladies were concerned, without its curates, or lawn-tennis without its "Greek gods"? It is thought wrong in some circles for ladies to play cards for even nominal stakes, and at the same time they are found fault with for their want of interest in the game. If men played for nothing they would find it dull enough. Charles Lamb admits that there is such a thing as "sick whist," and pointless whist must be still worse. Dr. Johnson expresses a just indignation that people should waste their time at it; and nobody short of a fanatic sees "gambling" in sixpenny points. Yet with those very moderate stakes in view, I have known ladies very far from being "inattentive" or "abstracted." A great professor of the game, of whom I inquired whether his family shared his skill, once informed me that "his mother could see a picture peter," a remark that seems to me applicable to most lady players. The "conversation of the game" must not be too subtle for them, but this probably arises less from want of wits than of experience, for scarcely any woman is so happily placed that she gets as much whist in her lifetime as a man does.

Sir Edwin Arnold has written what, to my mind, is a very pretty preface to his son's novel. "Personally I admire and like 'Phra' enormously, and being asked to pen these few lines by way of introduction, I counsel everybody to read it, forgetting who it is that respectfully offers this advice until the end of the work, when I shall be no longer afraid if they remember." This is not a Roman father, but an English one, and a much better specimen of the class. Exception has been taken to so favourable a view from such exceeding proximity; but since Sir Edwin writes in his own person, and takes advantage of no critical cover, why should he not give his opinion for what it is worth? Such parents are much more rare, as regards literary matters, than are the Brutuses. The Critics of the Hearth are usually the most lukewarm, if not the severest. For my part, I can fancy nothing more agreeable to a man of letters than to "go a-wooing in his boys" the muse that took his own young fancy. Unfortunately, it seldom happens. Lads often "pen a stanza" when they should "engross," but when it is hoped that they will pen the stanza—inheriting, that is, to some extent, the literary tastes of their progenitor—we find them "engrossed" with quite other matters.

A poet in the *Forum* discusses the question "Is Verse in Danger?"—that is, of extinction; from which it is clear that the gentleman in question does not edit a magazine. Seriously, what he has to say is well said, especially as regards the competition which has of late years arisen with the poets of the past. "The activity of the dead is now paramount, and threatens to paralyse original writing altogether." For these are not the immortal dead, who can be reckoned with and discounted, but poets who have been forgotten and are being resuscitated, for no other reason than because they have lost their copyright, and the operation can be performed with economy. This is putting the living poet in much the same position as the American novelist, who is being ruined not by cheap Chinese but by gratuitous literary labour. The market is glutted with second-rate but old-world poets. On the other hand, by persons who understand this subject it is well known that there never was more meritorious verse about than at present; the misfortune is that most of the performers harp on the same string as their predecessors—namely, ancient mythology, and the world is getting a little tired of it. Tennyson, of course, finds ancient or modern subjects equally ready to his hand, and treats with the same skill the love of Enone and of Maud; but the inferior poet shrinks from "the steamship and the railway, and the thoughts that shake mankind," having probably a shrewd suspicion that the task of treating such things poetically is a much more difficult one than that of hanging about the skirts of Olympus, and picking up his subjects at second hand. To him everything seems commonplace that is a matter of every-day experience, "that perpetual miracle, the sunrise," included, and does not lend itself to poetic illustration. Yet, if new poets are to arise, and live, it is pretty certain that they will have to cease to be mere echoes of the past, and to embody the views and aspirations of the world in which they live. Because our railways and our steam-boats are the themes of "Bradshaw" is no reason why they should not be fit subjects for an epic. The trireme and the chariot race have been embalmed in song, but the Cunarder, as it rushes through the fog, or the express, as it cleaves the night, has not been thought worthy of the lyre. This is partly due, as has been said, to the great difficulty which all but men of the greatest genius have to encounter in dealing poetically with everyday matters. Coleridge himself is not very happy in describing steam-boats:—

Like those thin skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lake or river wide,
That need no aid of sail or oar,
Who heed no spite of wind nor tide.

What makes the task still harder is that these matters are all more or less associated with the ridiculous—railway travelling with refreshment-rooms; voyaging with sea-sickness, &c.,

whereas Hybla and Hymettus stand where they were, unmarried (unless the poet has actually travelled in Greece) by vulgar association.

The reason why "marriage is losing its popularity and beginning to die out" is, it seems—if we are to believe a writer in a well-known social review—because of the progress of Culture. "This creates, emphasises, and sensitivises individuality, and becomes the parent of a critical fastidiousness"—but of nothing else. In other words, the egotistic idiot thus described seems to have just sense enough to see the advisability of not perpetuating his species. As "he can only set store upon a companion who is capable of appreciating fresh and spontaneous thought," his area of matrimonial choice is limited, and he does not marry. Let us thank Heaven for that, whatever be his reason, though the idea of freshness and spontaneity being associated with a prig of this kind is humorous indeed. He is not even a self-made man; he is made out of materials stolen from other people, and is at best but a species of tailor-made Guy Fawkes. We are told "he pines for a luminous sympathy," by which, perhaps, is meant the fireworks. What possible effect he can have on the matrimonial question at large it is difficult to understand, since there are surely only a very few of such creatures.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen has added two interesting objects to her Stuart Museum, in which she takes much pride, in the shape of two punch-glasses from which Yorkshire Jacobites drank "to the King" over the water.

The Prince of Wales has returned to Sandringham after a short visit to Marlborough House. He will presently pay his usual winter visit to the Riviera, Cannes being the place fixed for his residence. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have returned to England. The chief social event in which Royalty has been interested has been Lord and Lady Warwick's house-party to meet the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their children, including Princess May. The County Hall was prettily decorated with hunt trophies, and there was a very gay and brilliant gathering.

A wedding, specially interesting to Conservative circles, took place on Jan. 19, when young Lord Folkestone, the son of the Earl of Radnor, who has in his time done much active work in the Conservative cause, married Miss Julian Balfour, the cousin of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, at whose residence in Carlton-gardens an official reception was held after the ceremony. Lord and Lady Folkestone afterwards left for Mr. Ernest Chaplin's charming seat near Sevenoaks.

It has been discovered that the Duke of Bedford committed suicide while in a state of great prostration and pain. A hurried inquest, which was concealed from the public until after the Duke's cremation at Woking, was held by Dr. Troutbeck, when the jury returned a verdict that the Duke shot himself while in a state of temporary insanity. The Duke was a man of very solitary habits and reserved temper.

The death of Lord Caithness makes the second Earl lost to the Peerage within a few days. Lord Caithness was a Scottish Peer, the sixteenth Earl of his very ancient house.

Lord Greville, who was recently bitten by a dog, on his Westmeath estate, is undergoing successful treatment in Paris at the hands of M. Pasteur. His accident curiously recalls the death of Lord Doneraile, who died, after inoculation by M. Pasteur, from the bite of a mad fox. There is good hope of Lord Greville's recovery.

Lord Sheffield, who, with Lord Londesborough and Lord Harris, is one of the pillars of cricket in England, is thinking of extending the tours of English cricketers so far as to project a voyage for a representative English team round the world.

The first Cabinet Council of the year was held, as usual, just before the meeting of Parliament, Lord Salisbury holding a special conference with Mr. Smith, who, it is believed, remains leader of the House of Commons. The two chief Ministerial measures in the forefront of the Session will be the Tithes Bill and the Irish Land Purchase Bill. To these will probably be attached later on in the Session a Budget providing practically for Free Education, with fair provision for voluntary schools, and an Anti-Sweating Bill, which will be in the charge of Mr. Matthews. It is not impossible that in the summer Ministers may go to the country on this programme. Mr. Balfour, who has a vigorous faith in the progressive improvement of Ireland under his rule, is believed to be the Minister most opposed to this course.

Lord Rodney, the descendant of the famous Admiral, was to be married on Jan. 24 to the daughter of Lady Wimborne, one of the chief hostesses of the Conservative Party. Lord Rodney has a rather famous herd of Herefords.

The death of Mrs. Gaston Murray, an admirable actress, who of late years was cast for elderly parts, which she played with much dignity and quiet grace, is a sensible loss to the stage. In her earlier days Mrs. Murray was associated with Alfred Wigan's management of the Olympic. It is thirty-three years ago since she appeared before the Queen as Esther Hardacre. She remained in active work till within a short period of her death.

Mr. Parnell is still fighting for his own hand. He has revealed the extraordinary power of character of which his own people were aware, but which, probably, Mr. Morley and Mr. Gladstone never guessed. There is a story told of him that in the earlier Land League days his nominee at a convention was opposed by nearly the whole assembly. Mr. Parnell contented himself with declaring and repeating, "I move that Mr. Blank be elected." At each repetition of the sentence there was a roar. But the steady emphatic voice went on until Mr. Parnell had his way, and his friend the unanimous voice of the meeting. It is in this spirit that the Irish leader is seeking to hew down his opponents in England and Ireland. And he will very probably do it. It is not true that he is now seeking to retain the leadership. He has throughout sought one end—his retirement on the receipt of certain assurances from Mr. Gladstone concerning a measure which, with caustic contempt for his allies, he flatly declines to regard as final. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien both assure their English friends that they desire Mr. Parnell's retirement. Retire no doubt he will, in a fashion, though he flatly refuses to leave his seat in the House of Commons, informally invites his followers to resume the work of the Session, and obviously relies on his strategic powers, far superior to those of any of his colleagues, to help him back to his old place. Who does not believe he will succeed? Few men who know Ireland, and know the astute and unscrupulous man who controls her destinies.

AN AUTHORS' CLUB.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Should the authors of England band themselves into an Authors' Club? The question has been raised, and the private answer of each man will depend on whether he likes clubs, whether he likes authors, and whether he thinks that he cannot have too much of them. Authors already, like other men, belong to clubs, to all sorts of clubs. Some are members of the Travellers', some of the Athenæum, others of other palaces of *ennui*, "which, because they knock you down with their dullness, are called clubs," as the man says in "George de Barnwell." Persons who love to associate with authors, then, will find them in places where authors mix quite modestly with other men. Philosophers, poets, novelists, journalists—I have often marked the infantine peace of their slumbers in club arm-chairs, often attempted the hasty and furtive sketch of their literary features. But it seems a strange thing to draw all the authors out of all the other societies, and bring them together under one roof—under a roof, too, where they will meet nobody who does not scribble. There is Jones, the novelist, who belongs to the Reform; and Brown, the poet, who takes his cup of tea at the Athenæum; and Smith, the reviewer, who does not disdain the attractions of the Savile. These gentlemen, if friendly, can dine with each other, if they think fit so to do, in Pall-mall or Piccadilly. If they are unfriendly, they need not meet under a club roof. For my own part, I see nothing to be gained by bringing them together constantly. But then "the personal bias," as Mr. Herbert Spencer says, comes in and plays its part. For I am not exceedingly fond of clubs, nor addicted greedily to haunting the society of authors. They are not more agreeable, clever, or amusing than soldiers, doctors, gamekeepers, clergymen—though, perhaps, they talk "shop" less than lawyers do. It is not clear to me why authors should want to be always meeting each other and nobody else. Swedenborg says that the English behave thus in heaven: on earth authors need not imitate the English of Paradise. Almost any sort or condition of man is more serviceable to an author than another author. He can learn more from a puddler, a dentist, a billiard-marker, a private soldier, than from a brother of the pen. Herding together, we become terribly technical, full of "shop," and our minds change into a sort of barrel organs, for ever playing the same weary old tune.

An author may say to himself, "Now, if I go to the club and meet A., he will talk of prosody and Pindar. B. will abuse publishers. C. will ask me to collaborate with him in writing a farce; now, neither C. nor I, nor both of us together, could write a farce to save our lives. D. will be there, and old D., whenever his poems are dispraised in a review, thinks that I wrote the criticism, though I never do review D. Then he scowls at me over his paper. E. will begin to flatter me about some rubbish of mine, and, as I know it is rubbish, and cannot repay E. in kind, I shall feel like a caitiff. F. will abuse G.'s last book, and talk to me as if I had written it, till I am driven to defend it, though I don't like it very much. K. will want me to review his aunt's novel favourably. L. will have discovered a new genius, the victim of a sweating publisher, and will have brought him to luncheon. M. will tell those prodigious, pointless, endless old anecdotes of his about the Eskimo. N. will boast of his many editions—a hideous form of pride is cultivated by N. O. will give me undesired information about the Marchionesses who are in love with him. There is honest old P., to be sure, who can talk about salmon, and golf and grouse, and elephants; but, as P. lives hard by, why should we not go down to Wimbledon together, have a round of golf, and let the authors meet at the Authors' Club? Especially as that odious little R. is there, listening to what is said, and publishing it in the *Roudy Puritan*."

One can imagine an author, and a member of an Authors' Club, discoursing thus with himself. We cannot all be like the young lady who, according to Keats, wanted to be married to a poem, and given away by a novel. Authors may have too much of authors, as husbands may of wives, or wives of husbands. If one author has a friend in another author as I hope all authors have, it is not because the men both write that they like or love each other, but just for the good indiscoverable reasons which always rule loves and likings. One does not wish to be more intimate with a man *because* he writes. One may be glad to see, in the flesh, an author whom one admires in the spirit, but when seen he may prove quite uncongenial. If what one is charmed with in a man's look be his character peeping out, then we may become friendly with him. An Authors' Club, if all writers belong to it, would be a place where we could throw our eyes over each other, and find out whether we were likely to become intimate or not. But life offers many chances of meeting authors, without swarming into a club together.

As a matter of fact, the old authors, "the swells," would not join this society. Nobody would find his poetic Majesty the Laureate in the smoking-room. Mr. Ruskin would not take the refreshment of tea there. Mr. Lecky would not guide the ivory spheres over the field of green. Mr. Froude would not hold forth about fishing—in fact, the great famous authors would stay away. Even the middle-aged men would not flock in. They have their own clubs and club libraries and habits already. To the authors they would say—

Too late for us your horns you blow,
Whose bent was taken long ago.

A cynic might guess that the members of the club, as a rule, would be *ratés*, inefficient failures, and indolent amateurs. They would always be smoking and gossiping and conspiring in the place. They would expect to meet celebrated or notorious writers, whom they would not meet. Then all kinds of men who wanted a club in a hurry would get elected, for the club would certainly be needy. It would degenerate into what is called "a pothouse." This, at least, is what the pessimist would expect. Say I am an author. There are plenty of other authors

whom I wish *not* to meet: fast young authors, fond of the theatre; heavy old authors, in a kind of highly respectable stupor; conceited authors; humble authors, and that queer kind of author who has done nothing, and is nobody, but who patronises you as if he had discovered a certain kind of obscure merit in your performances. All these sorts of scribblers, and many more, would inevitably infest an Authors' Club. How the men would hate each other! What good thing could possibly come out of such a caravanserai? The less time we spend in clubs the better, and perhaps authors lose little by seeing each other only at intervals. They are sensitive and easily bored, and how they would bore each other! Even if an author were known to be a bore, it would be unpleasant to blackball a fellow-craftsman. However, there may be another side to the shield. Many authors are agreeable men, but a club all of authors would probably be intolerable. They need to see the world of humanity, to go out of their coteries and professional interests.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE MRS. DRUMMOND.

It is a year or two since we reviewed the biography of that most devoted, able, and useful public servant, Thomas Drummond, Under-Secretary to the Irish Government in the time of Lord Melbourne's Ministry, whose death, in April 1840, was as great a loss to the administrative agencies for the welfare of that country as has ever been experienced. A young officer of the Royal Engineers, born in Scotland, educated at the Woolwich Royal Academy, employed during thirteen years in the Trigonometrical Survey of Ireland, and distinguished by his inventions of practical utility in mechanical and optical science, Lieutenant Drummond had also the heart of an active philanthropist and the sagacity of a statesman, though his zealous efforts to improve the condition of the people among whom he laboured were not those of party politics. He had, in his residence and journeys in



THE LATE MRS. DRUMMOND.

WIDOW OF LIEUT. THOMAS DRUMMOND, R.E., UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND, 1835 TO 1840.

Ireland, gained a large and accurate knowledge of the habits of the peasantry and the causes of their distress, which the Melbourne Ministry of 1835 was earnestly desirous to relieve. The office of Under-Secretary was then created, and Drummond, on the recommendation of Lord Spencer, was appointed to the post, which he held six years, under Lord Mulgrave (afterwards the Marquis of Normanby) and Lord Ebrington in the Viceregal dignity, with Lord Morpeth as Chief Secretary; performing an immense amount of valuable official work, maintaining an attitude of invincible equity between contending factions, and devising broad schemes of social and economic benefit, which were approved by Government but were thwarted by party opposition.

Mr. Drummond succeeded, however, in organising an efficient and trustworthy police for the city of Dublin, which was the commencement of measures ultimately resulting in the establishment of the Royal Irish Constabulary, while he steadfastly refused to allow the military to be used for the enforcement of an oppressive system of rack-renting, or in support of offensive demonstrations of the Orange party. His celebrated phrase, "Property has its duties as well as its rights," was an admonition to harsh and grasping landlords much needed in those times, under the old laws which Mr. Gladstone and other statesmen have effectually reformed in later years. But the great undertaking to which he applied his utmost industry, from 1836 till his death from overwork, was that of contriving and procuring for Ireland a complete system of railways, to be constructed by Government aid, carefully adapted to develop the industrial resources of the country.

The widow of this excellent administrator and reformer died on Thursday, Jan. 15, at her residence near Dorking, having survived her husband fifty years. Mrs. Drummond was Miss Maria Kinnaird, ward and adopted daughter of Mr. Richard Sharp, M.P., a City merchant well known in literary and political society under the Georgian reigns and that of William IV. She married Lieutenant Drummond in the autumn of 1835, and lived with him at the Under-Secretary's lodge in Phoenix Park, Dublin, where he died. One of her daughters became the wife of the late Mr. Joseph Kay, Q.C. Mrs. Drummond was a lady of much talent and spirit, with a cultivated mind, and her accomplishments were noted in general society; but one of her greatest merits was the sympathetic intelligence with which she aided and encouraged a husband constantly occupied in labours for the public good.

THE INSURRECTION IN CHILE.

It is not long since we presented, in several Numbers of this Journal, Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, of the principal cities and towns, the seaports, the rustic inhabitants, the southern coal-mines, and the nitrate-fields of Tarapaca and the northern districts, with sufficient descriptive and statistical notes concerning the Spanish-American Republic of Chile. We could then remark, according to the best information at that time, satisfactory indications that Chile was enjoying much domestic prosperity, with greater political security, as it appeared, than any other South American independent State. It is with some regret and disappointment, apart from the anxiety caused by the large investments of British capital in Chile, that we hear of the outbreak, on Jan. 7, of a formidable insurrection, the result of which cannot yet be foretold. Disputes between President Balmaceda and leading members of the Cortes, or Congress, on account of alleged unconstitutional acts, have hurried on movements preparatory to civil war; the Chilean Navy, taking sides with the Cortes, for the most part, has commenced blockading the coast ports; and it was apprehended that some portion of the Army would be summoned to aid the President, who might thus obtain a force to put down resistance on land.

It was reported on Jan. 18 that this fleet, acting with the insurgents, had blockaded the ports of Iquique and Coquimbo, was menacing Valparaiso, and would proceed to the other ports. Those of Pisagua and Caleta Buena, and probably Arica, were blockaded in the following week. The Chilean Steam-ship Company had stopped its traffic. The fleet, which had on board some leaders of the revolted party in the Cortes, would seize the ports and dépôts and railway of the nitrate-fields in Tarapaca.

The war-vessels which have joined the insurrectionary movement consist of the ironclads El Almirante Cochrane and Blanco Encalada, the cruiser Esmeralda, the ram Magellanes, a corvette, the transport Amazonas, and the steamer Aconcagua. The ships supporting the Government are the ironclad Huascar, now being repaired, one corvette, two transports, and eight torpedo-boats. The Blanco Encalada was stationed in the Straits of Magellan, awaiting the arrival of the corvette Abtao and two new cruisers expected from Europe. The Cochrane and Magellanes were at Iquique, near Tarapaca, other ships blockading the coast southward.

President Balmaceda was about to issue a manifesto accusing the Cortes of violating the Constitution by refusing to vote the Budget and the Army law, and making Government impossible by repeated votes of censure.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE BANCROFT.

This distinguished citizen and historian of the United States of America died on Jan. 17, at the great age of ninety, having lived to see the Federal Republic, overcoming the sectional conflicts of North and South and West, and purging its social and political system of negro slavery, grow to a nation of sixty-three millions, inhabiting a home country the largest in the world, possessing wealth perhaps unequalled in the amount of native resources, and unincumbered with the responsibilities of distant empire. Could a patriotic American historian, born in 1800, the year after the death of George Washington, have witnessed a happier consummation?

George Bancroft, a native of Worcester, in Massachusetts, son of the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, a Unitarian minister, was educated at Exeter, New Hampshire; at Harvard College, Cambridge, near Boston; and at the German University of Göttingen; visited Berlin, Jena, and Heidelberg, Paris, Milan, and Rome, and became acquainted with the most eminent European scholars and thinkers. Returning to America with a finished education, he devoted himself to literary work, and translated several works of the philosophical historian Heeren, while collecting materials for his own "History of the United States, from the first Discovery of the American Continent." The first volume of this appeared in 1834. Its author, continuing to work upon it during more than forty years, became an active politician of what was called the Democratic Party, was rewarded by President Van Buren with the Collectorship of the Port of Boston, and in 1845, under President Polk, was made a Cabinet Minister, Secretary of the Navy. In the following year he came to England as Minister for the United States, resided here three years, and was highly esteemed in the society of London and Paris. Five volumes of his great historical work had appeared by 1852, and the ninth was published in 1866. Mr. Bancroft was appointed Minister to Prussia in 1867, and remained at Berlin, as Minister to the German Empire, till 1874; his diplomatic services were considerable, as well as those he had previously rendered to administrative business at home. Having completed his History, in ten volumes, bringing it to the close of the American Revolution in 1782, he afterwards produced a supplementary work, in two volumes, relating the foundation of the United States Constitution, which was published in 1882.

The merits of these works are careful research, broad handling, clear arrangement of topics, and a style of dignified correctness; but they do not seem, to British readers, animated by a candid and impartial spirit. Bancroft's History, still, is not yet superseded as an original narrative; we should recommend, however, for popular reading, that compiled by the late Mr. William Cullen Bryant and Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, published in four large volumes by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., London, ten years ago.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Among recent additions to the United States fleet, noticed by us on former occasions, is the unarmoured despatch-vessel Dolphin, of which we now give an Illustration. She is built of steel, length 239 ft. 6 in., with 31 ft. 10 in. beam, having a displacement of 1485 tons; her engines are of 2300-horse power, with a screw propeller, giving a speed of 13 knots. The armament consists of one five-ton breech-loading rifled gun, of six-inch calibre, and four mortars.

THE NEW BURMESE REGIMENTS.

We lately gave a short account of the three new Burmese regiments which have just been raised in Burmah to replace those Madras Infantry regiments which have been disbanded. It is contemplated to disband several more Madras regiments, and convert the Military Police into regiments in their stead. By this means Burmah, like the Punjab, will have its own Frontier Force.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: "The Dancing Girl" (see "The Playhouses"); Dr. Schliemann's House and Some Excavations at Hissarlik, "My Danish Sweetheart." From the Thames to Siberia, Across Greenland, Jamaica Exhibition, Behind the Scenes—Refreshing the Dragon, Salvation Army Social Scheme, Relics at the Guelph Exhibition.

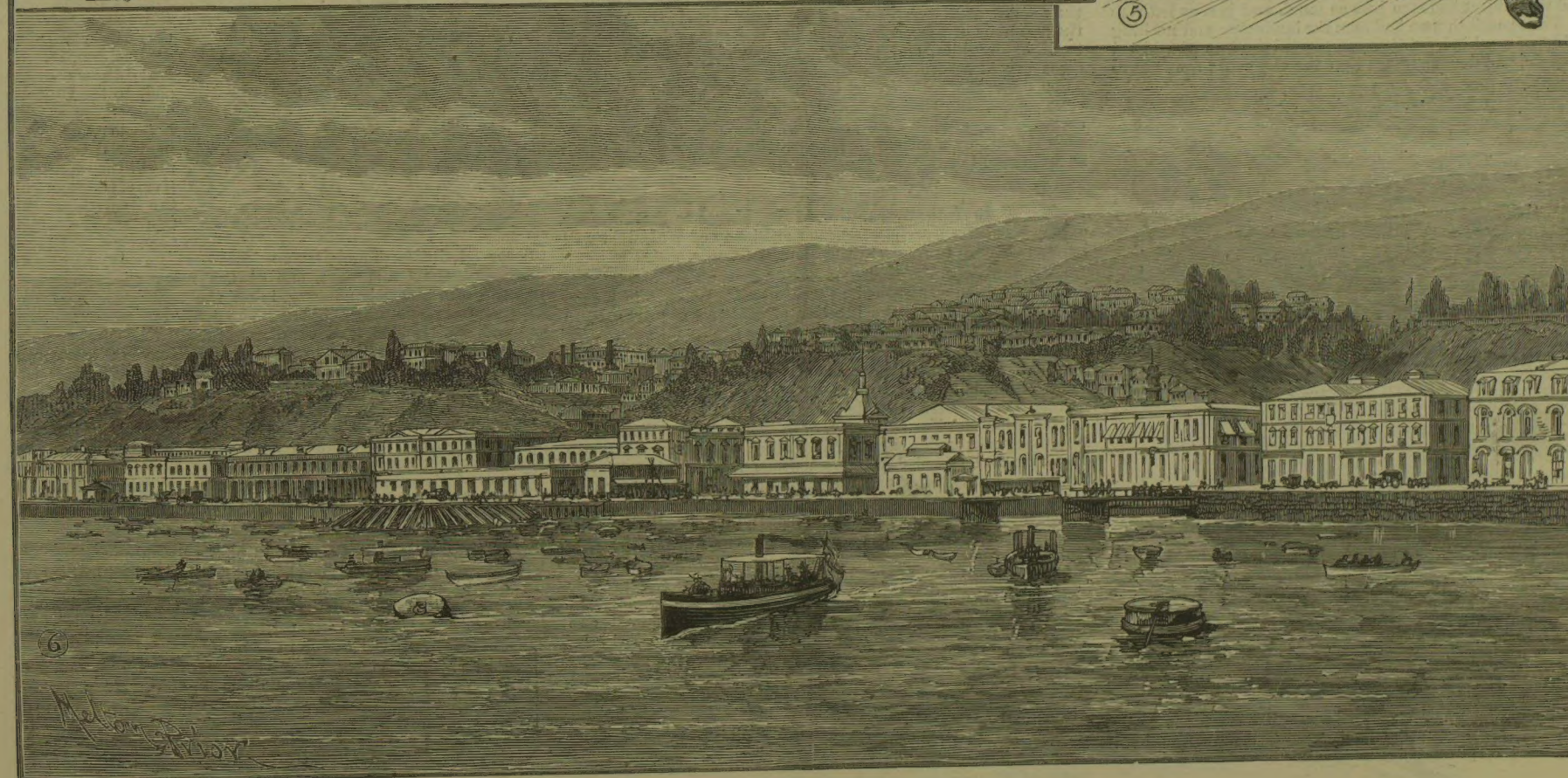
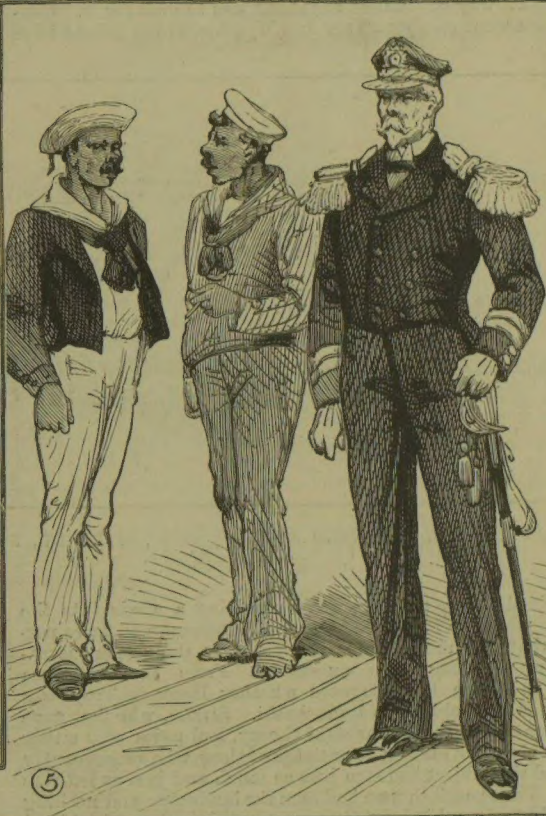
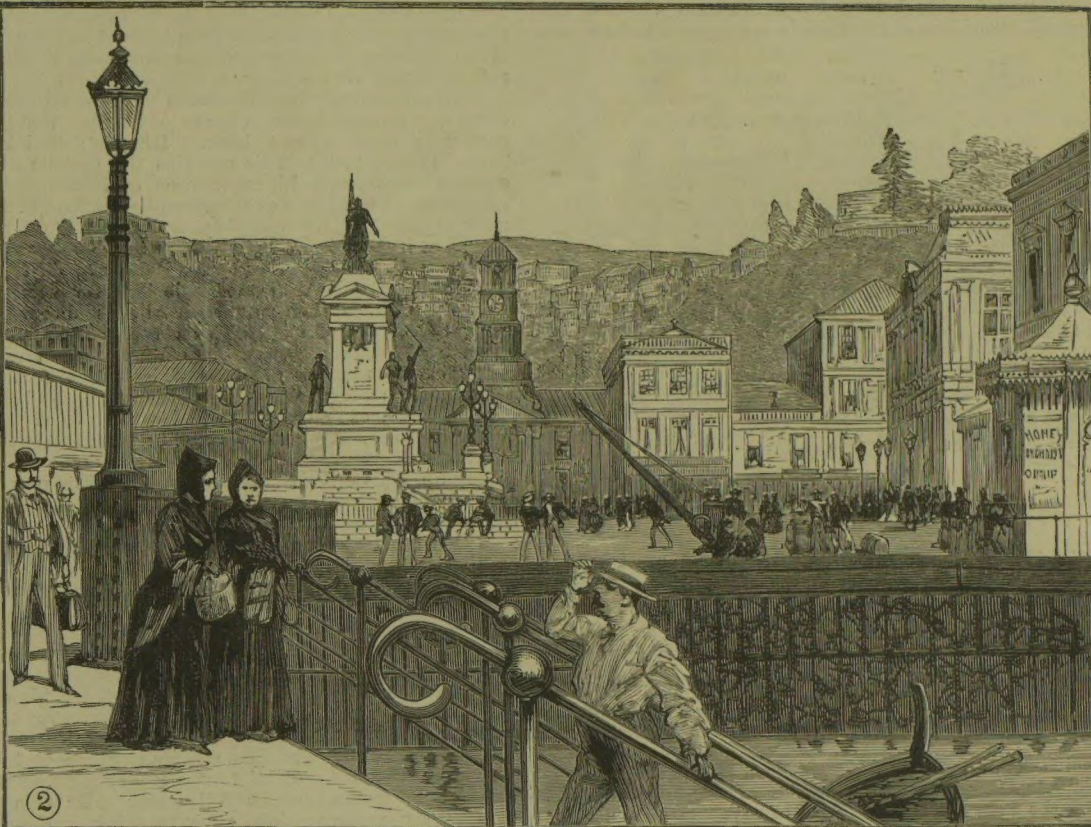


MOUNTED INFANTRY COMPANY OF THE 2ND REGIMENT.



MOUNTED INFANTRY ON DISMOUNTED DUTY.

THE NEW REGIMENTS FOR SERVICE IN BURMAH.



1. Fruit-sellers at a Railway Station.
2. Landing-place, Valparaiso.

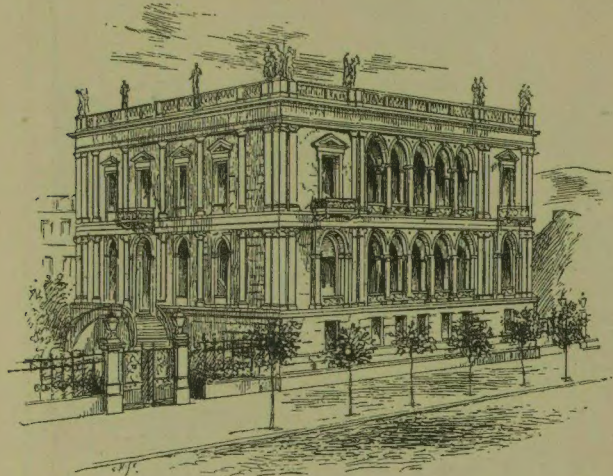
3. Country Travelling Carriage.
4. The Railway-Station at Santiago.

5. Admiral and Sailors of the Chilean Navy.
6. Valparaiso, from the Sea.

THE LATE DR. SCHLIEMANN.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

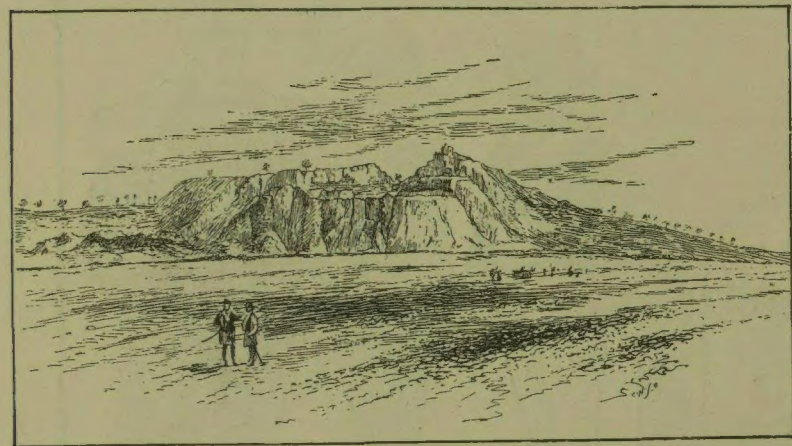
The death of Dr. Schliemann should not be allowed to pass without recognition of the qualities which made him great as a discoverer; not because these are of an exceptional kind, but for the opposite reason. If his achievements had been the result of peculiar advantages or a long and costly education, other archaeologists could not be fairly called upon to rival them. But Schliemann never had any other education than that which he gave himself. Apart from the enthusiasm which is the indispensable condition of greatness in every pursuit, the causes



THE LATE DR. SCHLIEMANN'S HOUSE AT ATHENS.

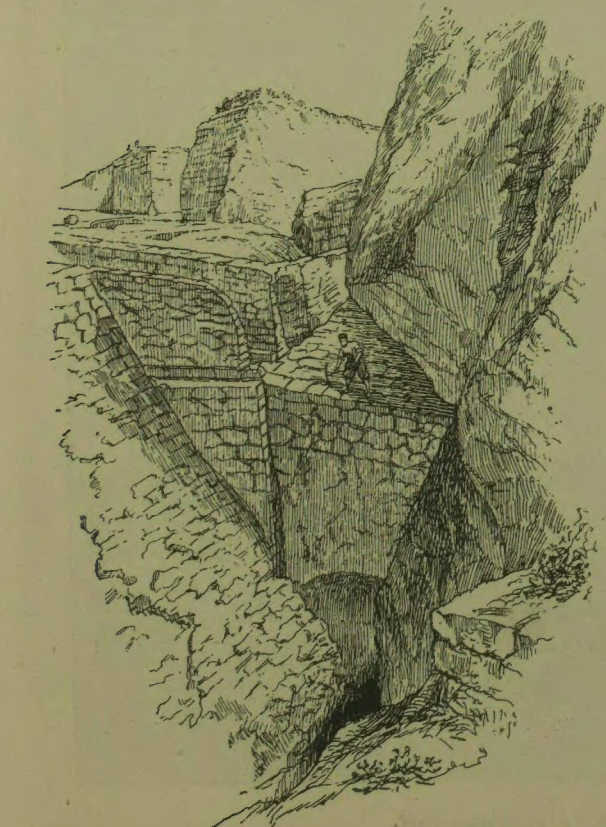
of his eminence were only two: he possessed strong common-sense himself, and knew how to recognise it in others.

"A fool is a man who never tried an experiment in his life." Though this excellent definition proceeds from a man of science, science has often been inattentive to its obvious moral. Any reader of Darwin's work on Worms, for instance, must be amazed by finding how much generations of naturalists had left for Darwin to observe. Before Schliemann's time the condition of archaeology was worse in this respect than that of biology. After all the discoveries of our Layards and Newtons, the inference did not seem to have been drawn that the proper way of finding anything was to look for it. Controversies went on about Troy and Mycenæ which might have



HISSARLIK, THE SUPPOSED SITE OF TROY, WITH DR. SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS.

been solved in the simplest way by putting a spade into the ground. It is the immortal merit of Schliemann to have perceived that the pickaxe, not the pen, was the proper instrument for deciding such questions. From the Augustan age to this men had disputed whether Homer's Troy was situated at Hissarlik or at Bunarbashi. Strabo, who first gave wide currency to the Bunarbashi theory, had never seen either of these places. Nineteen twentieths of those who subsequently discussed the subject had seen just as much and just as little as Strabo. The twentieth man had seen the landscape, and nothing more. First of mankind, Schliemann pierced the Bunarbashi sod with a spade, and demonstrated that the city could never have



WALLS OF THE ACROPOLIS OF THE "SECOND CITY" AT HISSARLIK.

stood there, as there was not sufficient soil for the foundations. He then went to Hissarlik, and if he did not, as he believed, prove Priam's existence and Homer's literal truthfulness, he at least found a sufficient nucleus of fact for the Homeric tradition, and opened up new and unexpected fields in archaeology. He then attacked Mycenæ, with still more brilliant results—Mycenæ, which had been under a Christian government for more than forty years, and as open to all the archaeologists of the world as to Schliemann. If we ask why the easy and obvious undertaking was left to him, it can only be replied that Dr. Schliemann seems to have possessed more common-sense than learned men in general, and that common-sense is a more important factor in science than men of science always allow.

This estimate of Dr. Schliemann as above all things a man of strong common-sense is borne out by his first and comparatively little known book, "Ithaque; le Péloponnèse, Troie." (Paris, 1869.) This contains the prelude of his subsequent discoveries in his exploration of Ithaca, and the foreshadowing of what he was to accomplish at Troy and Mycenæ. Here, as elsewhere, the author's enthusiasm may run away with him; but if he did not, as he thinks he did, find the tombs of Ulysses and Penelope in Ithaca, this is no proof that he may not have been quite warranted in looking for them there. Of more importance than any such alleged discovery is the general freshness of mind which observes facts and deduces inferences hitherto lost upon others. He remarks, for example, the number of coins which have for centuries been found, and continue to be found, in the little island Ægina, which can never have had a thousandth part of the trade of France. Yet, were France to be ruined and deserted, two thousand years afterwards scarcely a French coin would be dug up. This is no isolated phenomenon. The very camping-grounds of ancient armies are marked by deposits of coins. Schliemann pronounces the fact inexplicable; but the inference that the spade and mattock are the archaeologist's best auxiliaries guided his whole course, and the immense work since done and now doing in excavation, so far as it is accomplished scientifically and systematically, is traceable to the impulse communicated by him.

We have said that Schliemann's common-sense was visible in his recognition of the common-sense of others. Next to his belief in experiment with his own hands under his own eyes, his archaeological creed consisted in an undoubting belief that the ancients knew what they were talking about. He did not think that because ancient writers have repeated fabulous tales which they were unable to verify they must be unworthy of belief in matters which fell under their own observation. Many modern critics seem to think it their mission to rectify the mistakes of their guides. Schliemann, on the contrary, assumes the ancient writer to be as sensible as himself, and much better informed. He takes all possible pains to ascertain what Homer or Herodotus or Pausanias really said or meant; this established, he uses the venerable record as he would use an admitted fact in nature. A comparison of his achievements with those of others will determine which possessed the really true and fruitful method. The discoveries of one taxed with sciolism, and who, perhaps, deserved the charge in some measure, are the most effective rebuke to that far more mischievous sciolism which originates in the pretension to special knowledge. If the moral of Schliemann's discoveries be taken to heart, his confidence in ancient authorities may contribute hardly less to the improvement of historical study than his preference for experiment over theorising has contributed to the reform of archaeology.

An interesting parallel might be drawn between Dr. Schliemann and Cyriacus of Ancona in the first half of the fifteenth century, the first modern archaeological traveller. Both were successful merchants, both self-taught scholars, both perpetual roamers, both were chiefly interested in the tangible vestiges of antiquity, both incurred the reproach of enthusiasm or the suspicion of imposture, and both were justified by their lives' work. But the age of Cyriacus was not ripe for a Schliemann, and, though he rescued many individual objects from destruction, he exerted no permanent influence on archaeology.

The accompanying illustrations of Dr. Schliemann's excavations respectively exhibit the condition to which he reduced the mound at Hissarlik after two years' attack, the walls of the acropolis of the "second city" at the same place brought to light by him, and the trenching which resulted in the discovery of the funeral vault, as he believed, of the Atridae. They show the scale on which he worked, and at the same time suggest the reflection what industry and good fortune in commerce must have been needed to allow the undertaking of such labours by a retired merchant, who had begun the world as an errand boy.

One effect of the translation of Dr. Magee to the Primacy of the Northern Province is that the Bishop of Wakefield will become entitled to a seat in the House of Lords.

The new Japanese House of Parliament, a spacious wooden building, which was opened at Tokio by the Mikado in person in November last, and the interior of which was presented in this Journal last week, was destroyed by fire on Jan. 20.

Tea at 1s. 7d. a cup, or £5 10s. the pound—that is the price at which, after a brisk competition, a consignment of tea from the Gallebode Estate, Ceylon, has been knocked down in the London Commercial Tea Sale Rooms, the purchasers being the United Kingdom Tea Company, of Mincing-lane. Well, there is nothing new under the sun, and when good Samuel Pepys drank tea and recorded the momentous fact in his "Diary," the price of a pound of tea was from £6 sterling to £10. One doubts, however, whether our ancestors ever tasted anything so perfect in growth as the bright golden leaf about which the London tea trade has been so much agitated during the past few days.

The "Vanity Fair Album for 1890" gives a very fair pictorial view of the chief figures in political and social life, seen in the easy mufti in which the caricaturist chooses to array his subjects. Mr. Leslie Ward and his colleagues, with all their humour and cleverness, have not quite Pelligrini's brutally frank and merciless insight into physical defects and peculiarities, emphasised to give point to character. Some indeed of "Spy's" and "Lib's" charming pictures are hardly caricatures at all. Mr. Tree is a flattered likeness, and so is Mr. Grossmith; Mr. Justice Smith in his robes is quite as staid and not so clever as the original; the two Princes—the Duke of Connaught and Prince George of Wales—are lay figures, and Mr. Gus Harris is a trifle over-gloved and over-carved, but only a trifle. The sketch of Mr. T. P. O'Connor strikes us as a genuine and very brilliant caricature, quite worthy of old *Vanity Fair* days.

OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.

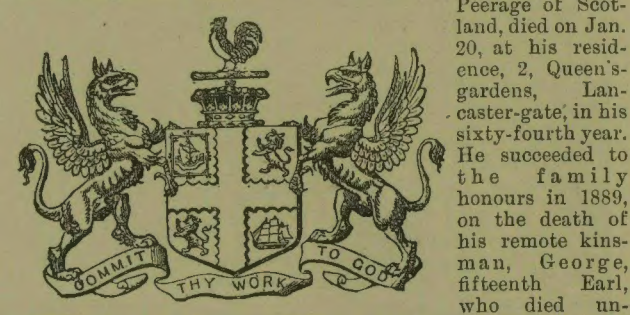
The Most Noble Sir Francis Charles Hastings Russell, K.G.,



Duke and Earl of Bedford, Marquis of Tavistock, Baron Russell of Cheneys, in the county of Buckingham, Baron Russell of Thornhaugh, in the county of Northampton, and Baron Howland of Streatham, in the county of Surrey, all in the Peerage of England, died on Jan. 14, at his town residence, 81, Eaton-square, S.W. He was born Oct. 16, 1819, the eldest son of the late General Lord George William Russell, G.C.B., sometime Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary at Berlin, by his wife, Elizabeth Anne, only child of the late Hon. John Theophilus Rawdon, and niece of the first Marquis of Hastings, K.G. His Grace, who succeeded his cousin, as ninth Duke, in May 1872, entered the Scots Fusilier Guards in 1838, but retired from the service in 1844. He was Lord Lieutenant of Huntingdonshire, Custos Rotulorum of the Isle of Ely, Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, and a Justice of the Peace and a Deputy Lieutenant for Bedford, and sat in Parliament for Bedfordshire, in the Liberal interest, from 1847 to 1872. His Grace married, Jan. 18, 1844, the Lady Elizabeth Sackville-West, of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Extra Lady of the Bedchamber, and previously Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, eldest daughter of George John, fifth Earl De La Warr, and leaves, with other issue, an elder son, George William Francis Sackville, Marquis of Tavistock, now tenth Duke of Bedford, who was born April 16, 1852, and married, Oct. 24, 1876, the Lady Adeline Marie Somers Cocks, second daughter and coheir of the third Earl Somers. The eldest surviving son of the first Duke was William, Lord Russell, the patriot, who was indicted for high treason as a participator in the Rye House conspiracy, and being convicted on June 13, 1683, was beheaded on July 21 following. John, fourth Duke of Bedford, the patriot's grandson, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1756, and subsequently Ambassador to France. He was grandfather of the sixth Duke, whose third son, Lord John Russell, became twice Prime Minister, and was created Earl Russell.

THE EARL OF CAITHNESS.

James Augustus Sinclair, sixteenth Earl of Caithness, in the



Peerage of Scotland, died on Jan. 20, at his residence, 2, Queen's-gate, in his sixty-fourth year. He succeeded to the family honours in 1889, on the death of his remote kinsman, George, fifteenth Earl, who died unmarried in his thirty-second year, and was buried, according to ancient hereditary custom, in Holyrood Abbey. The deceased Earl, who was the head of a minor branch of the house of Caithness known as the Sinclairs of Durran, and who was the son of Colonel John Sutherland Sinclair, R.A., spent the greater part of his life in Aberdeen, and took a leading part in social and philanthropic work in that city. He represented in the direct line the family of the Sinclairs, Lords of Roslin and Dukes of Oldenburgh, who settled in Scotland with other Normans in the reign of King David I., after remaining about a century in England subsequently to the Norman Conquest. The existing earldom of Caithness was created in 1455, but the earldom had been inherited by the Lords of Roslin some generations before.

THE EARL OF DEVON.

The Right Hon. Sir Edward Baldwin Courtenay, thirteenth



Earl of Devon, and a Baronet, a Governor of the Charter House, died on Jan. 15. His Lordship's death adds to the Obituary another great and historic name. Within less than a fortnight the representatives of the Seymours, the Russells, and the Courtenays—of the famous titles of Somerset, Bedford, and Devon—have passed away. In point of ancestry the Courtenays, one of the most illustrious races among the English nobility, takes the first place, and have been immortalised by Gibbon. The nobleman whose death we record, thirteenth Earl in direct succession, succeeded his father little more than two years since. He was third but last surviving son of the twelfth Earl, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the first Earl Fortescue. He never married, and the title now passes to his cousin, the Rev. Henry Hugh Courtenay, M.A., Rector of Powderham, born in 1811, who is married to Lady Anna Maria Leslie, and has two sons. The late Earl, before his accession to the Peerage, sat in the House of Commons as member for Exeter from 1864 to 1868, and for East Devon from 1868 to 1870.

SIR MATHEW WILSON, BART.

Sir Mathew Wilson died on Jan. 18, at his Brighton residence, in



his eighty-eighth year. Sir Mathew had several times sat in Parliament. He was first elected for Clitheroe as a Liberal in 1841, but was unseated on petition. He was again elected for Clitheroe in 1847, unopposed, and sat until 1853, when the election of the previous year was, on petition, declared void. He contested, twenty-one years later, the Northern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and was elected as a colleague of Lord Frederick Cavendish. On the division of the county, under the Redistribution Act, in 1885, he was returned for the Skipton Division; but at the General Election in 1886, when he stood as a Gladstonian, he was defeated. The deceased for upwards of twenty years was Chairman of the Board of Guardians, and numerous other public institutions, and was widely respected.

PERSONAL.

The death of two Dukes and two Earls represents a week's heavy harvesting in the Peerage. Neither the Duke of Bedford nor the Duke of Somerset cared, or perhaps was able, to make any noticeable mark in his time, and the Earl of Devon's later years were passed in the shade—a contrast with the wild days of his youth, when he and the hapless Lord Hastings were young together. The Duke of Somerset lived in absolute retirement, his one dissipation being a game of cards. The Duke of Bedford was a more vigorous figure in his way. His public appearances—in the House of Lords, or as President of the Royal Agricultural Society—were few, and, as in "Ape's" caricature, gave the impression of an old-fashioned gentleman in stock and loosely cut frock coat, suggesting a certain primness and remoteness from the life of his day. He was chiefly known through his vast possessions in Bloomsbury, which, under the astute management of Mr. Bourne, yielded a vast and ever-increasing store of wealth. At the last period of renewal the "fines" levied on the tenants are said to have added a million sterling to the revenues of the Duke. The owner of these princely possessions lived in an entire absence of style, and was a plain, hard, clear-headed man of business. His son, the new Duke, is a man of some ability, and was popular at Balliol as the contemporary of poor Lord Dalhousie, Lord Lynton, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Grenfell, and other men who were heard of after their college days. He has no son, so that with him the direct succession to the great house of Russell ceases.

Who is this telling us, apropos of Mr. John Morley's visit to the Haymarket on the *première* of "The Dancing Girl," that he is never to be seen at the theatre? The contrary is the case. Mr. Morley has written on the theatre, and he visits it—a memorable occasion being that on which he was seen in company with his old friend Mr. Chamberlain at a performance of "Faust" at the Lyceum. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Morley had then parted company politically, and their joint visit to the theatre was interpreted as a sign of a reunion, which, however, never went any further. Perhaps, however, if the remark about Mr. Morley is meant to convey the general truth that statesmen are not as a rule great theatre-goers, there is a measure of truth in it. But there is no rule, or, at all events, there are a large number of exceptions to it. Between Sir Charles Dilke's resolute dislike and avoidance of the theatre, French and English, and Sir Edward Clarke's diligent pursuit of *premières*, there are many degrees of habit. But no man in the front rank of politics has ever shown a more genuine curiosity about the theatre and the men and women who play in it than Mr. Gladstone. In the crisis of the Parnell trouble Mr. Gladstone was found absorbed in "Antony and Cleopatra." Actors and actresses figured at the Downing-street breakfasts, for which the Gladstone Ministries have always been famous. Mr. Gladstone himself has been seen in Mr. Bancroft's green-room, and the ex-Premier likes to tell the story that the best and most intelligent audience he ever had was a gathering of actors assembled to hear him when presenting a testimonial to Charles Kean.

It is perchance the omniscient London correspondent who is responsible for most popular accounts of the doings of our public men. Certain it is that this gentleman has been running at large over Clubland, to the dismay and confusion of its inmates. The most interesting intelligence he has brought back with him is that Mr. Chamberlain's favourite club is the Athenæum, and that Sir William Harcourt has signified his displeasure at recent political developments by appearing at the Unionist headquarters, the Devonshire. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that Mr. Chamberlain is not an *habitué* of the halls sacred to Bishops and Mr. Herbert Spencer, but it may be as well to point out that the Devonshire is not a headquarters either of Unionism or Gladstonianism. It is Mr. Chamberlain's favourite club, and Sir William Harcourt is frequently to be seen in it. Like the Reform, its management is amicably shared between the two sections of the Liberal Party, and members of both meet each other in freedom and toleration.

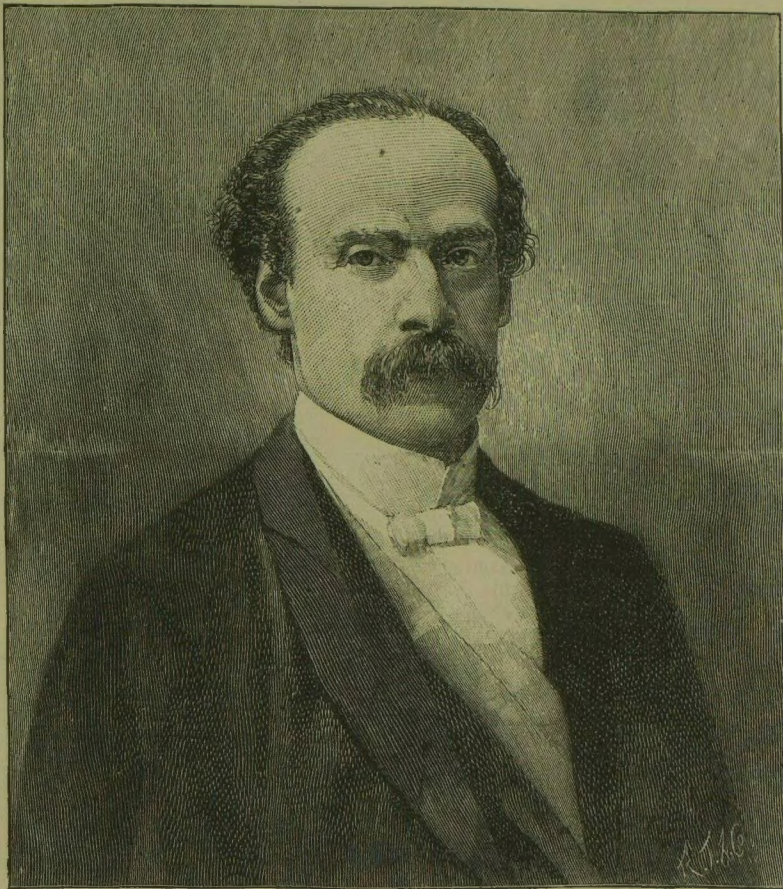
Sir James Hannen, as the Bayard of the Bench and a Judge of twenty-three years' standing, has well earned his appointment to a Lordship of Appeal, which carries with it a life peerage. Sir James is a sound and almost great lawyer, his specialty as a Judge being the way in which he insists on the proving of all points, including small ones, and his dislike of flashiness in the conduct of cases. His demeanour on the Bench has always been charming—full of gentle dignity, varied almost agreeably by little spurts of temper, patience, and genuine sweetness of disposition, often maintained under the stress of acute physical suffering. Like all Judges, he has some few personal prejudices, of an entirely harmless kind.

One of the tragedies that diversify life to a Turkish official has occurred at Vienna in the death of Sadullah Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador. Sadullah was one of the amiable, refined, and very presentable diplomatists whom the Sublime Porte has sent out of late in considerable numbers, who prefer Western to Eastern clothes, and who, by the way, include both the late and the present Ambassadors to the Court of St. James. Unfortunately, he was sent abroad for the Sultan's good rather than his own. Abdul Hamid, though he impresses Western observers with his cleverness, knowledge of politics, and fine manners, has the suspicious habits and temper of all Sultans—and probably with good reason. Sadullah was the Secretary of his hapless and half-witted predecessor, Murad, now a close prisoner in Constantinople. When Murad was deposed, Sadullah was sent abroad. He has done excellent work for his country, which he represented at the Berlin Congress, but he has never been allowed to return, even for a few days or hours, to see the wife and children he left behind. His piteous requests, sent at regular intervals, were ignored or waived aside. The exile learned at length that his wife was seriously ill, and put up a final request for a brief interview. It was refused, and the unhappy man committed suicide in the determined Eastern way. He shut himself in his room, turned on the gas, and inhaled it till he died.

A woman who in a remarkable way linked the past with the present generation has recently passed away in Lady Taylor. The wife of Sir Henry Taylor—the author of "Philip van Artevelde," man of letters, official, and distinguished member of the great world—Lady Taylor was a woman of very strong convictions and distinct personality. She was a member of the Spring Rice family, was an ardent Liberal politician on very advanced lines, and her friendships

extended through the poets, statesmen, thinkers, and revolutionists of two generations.

Miss Anne Mozley, who has recently edited Dr. Newman's "Autobiography and Letters," is not, as has been stated by a contemporary, a sister of the Cardinal, and indeed is not in any way related to him. She is a sister of James, John, and Thomas Mozley, of whom John and Thomas married the two



PRESIDENT JOSÉ BALMACEDA,
WHOSE RESIGNATION IS INSISTED ON BY THE CONGRESS.
THE INSURRECTION IN CHILE.

sisters of Cardinal Newman. Miss Mozley edited her brother James's "Letters." The Rev. James Mozley was Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and the Rev. Thomas Mozley was at one time a *Times* leader-writer, although he is still better known as the author of "Reminiscences of Oriel College." Miss Anne Mozley resides at Oriel Lodge, Derby, with which town her family have long been honourably associated. For many years the Mozleys of Derby were one of the very few provincial publishing houses in England, and one of the earliest of Miss Yonge's novels, "Ben Sylvester's Ward," was originally published by them.

ART NOTES.

It is somewhat surprising that the death of the sculptor Aimé Millet should not have reopened the discussion as to the actual site of the Roman fortress Alesia. It will be recollected that, at the time of the publication of that almost forgotten book Napoleon the Third's "Life of Caesar," party feeling ran high, and the question was for the moment decided by the "master of many legions" in favour of Alise-Sainte-Reine, a village in the Côte d'Or, where Millet's colossal bronze statue of Vercingetorix marks the site chosen by Napoleon and the Imperialists.

Aimé Millet, however, has other claims to distinction—and both as a painter and especially as a sculptor deserves a niche in the temple of Fame—although not among the greater names. His statue of Ariadne, now in the Luxembourg, was executed in 1857—is regarded as his most classical production; but many will be attracted by the two ideal figures he designed for two deceased friends—one for the tomb of Henri Murger, and the other for that of Alphonse Baudin. But the figure which of all will least escape notice, and remain perhaps as the most important witness to his power, is the group of Apollo and the Muses which surmounts the Grand Opéra at Paris.

The Edinburgh Exhibition is not the only national display which has failed to fulfil the hopes of the projectors; but, unfortunate as were the results of that undertaking, they are in nowise comparable to those of the "Beatrice" Exhibition, held at Florence last autumn. It was hoped that the admirers of Dante would flock from all parts of the world to gaze devoutly on the relics which had, with more or less claim to authenticity, been handed down from one generation to another. Unfortunately, the display failed to arouse enthusiasm, and, still more unfortunately, the projector of the exhibition, Count de Gubernatis, had no guarantors on whom to fall back. He has, therefore, been forced to sell a number of his pictures, and to weaken a collection in which he took the greatest pride. Among the pictures he proposes to sell are a "Massacre of the Innocents" by Tintoretto, a replica of the well-known work at Venice, a "Head of Christ" by Andrea del Sarto, and two portraits of members of the Poniatowski family by Angelica Kauffmann. These two last-named would be welcome additions to our national collection.

Mr. Santley, the famous baritone, who has been long absent in Australia, reappeared in London on Jan. 19, and was received with boundless enthusiasm by a St. James's Hall audience. He sang Schubert's "Erl-King," Gounod's "Maid of Athens," and Hatton's "To Anthea."

All friends of musical education will welcome the termination of the Toronto musical degrees controversy. The University of Trinity College, Toronto, has decided to discontinue holding examinations in this country, and to grant no more degrees after the close of the current University year—that is, after February.

With reference to the old setting of the crown worn by George IV., now on view at the Guelph Exhibition, it should have been stated that the setting was sold to Mr. W. A. Tyssen Amherst in August 1869, by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, having been in the possession of their predecessors, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, who made the new crown.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The application made by the owners of the schooner W. P. Sayward, which was seized by the United States Revenue cutter *Rush* in Behring Sea in 1889, for a writ of prohibition commanding the Alaskan Judge not to proceed further with the matter, is based on the grounds that the schooner, when seized, was nine miles from shore, and that the Alaskan Court had no jurisdiction. Should the Supreme Court decide to entertain the application, its decision would settle one side of the Behring Sea Fisheries question, and almost amount to arbitration. Now, arbitration is a most excellent way of settling international differences, provided both sides undertake to abide by the arbitrator's award. But in this case it seems as if neither side had made up its mind to accept the expected decision as final, and as if both parties were quite ready to look upon an adverse judgment—should judgment be given—as of no effect. This being the case, it almost looks as if the application made to the Supreme Court were likely to make matters worse. But the best-informed people in America are of opinion that the Supreme Court will probably dismiss the motion, for the reason that it has no jurisdiction in a contested question of international law, so that the incident will be closed as quickly as it was brought about. However, the question has to be settled, whether piecemeal or as a whole, and the sooner the United States Government decide on a definite course of action the better it will be for all parties concerned. The British Government's proposal to submit the whole question to arbitration still appears to be the most sensible and most practical way out of the difficulty, and it is hard to understand why it was not accepted by the United States.

The M'Kinley Tariff may be a blessing in disguise, but as yet it does not seem to have had any appreciable good effects. The best that can be said for it is that it has made no change in the condition of the working-men; the worst that can be said is that the cost of the necessities of life has materially increased, with the natural result that great distress is being caused among working-men. Reports are coming to hand of men being thrown out of employment, and of others having to submit to a reduction of wages. Brass-workers, lacemen, cigar-makers, carpet-workers in several States have had their wages reduced, and some of them have gone on strike only to see foreigners taking their places. The secretary of the Federation of Silk Textile Workers declares that "the M'Kinley Tariff Act has not bettered our condition in the least," which appears to be the most accurate manner of summing up the situation.

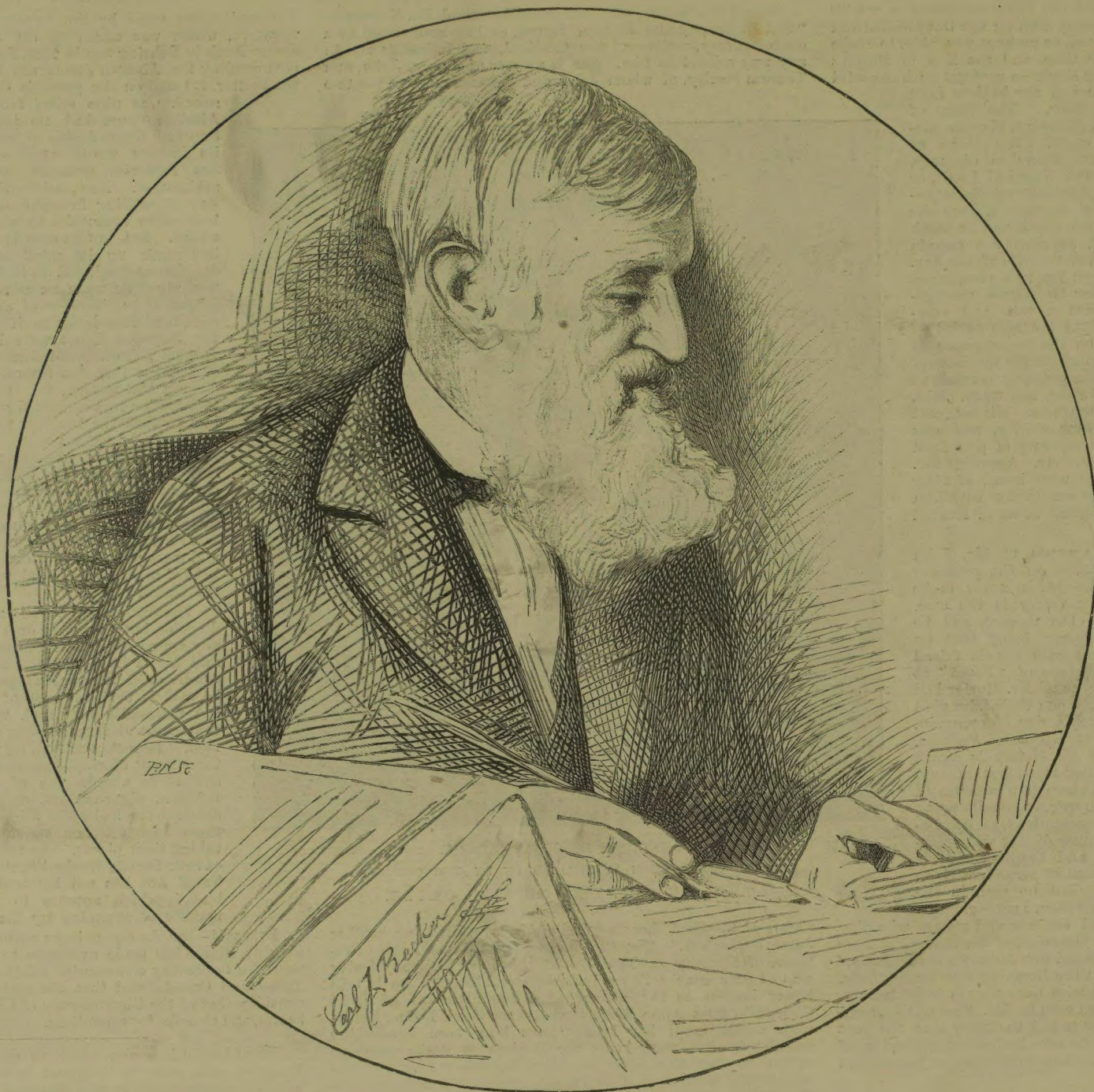
It is said—but the report lacks authoritative confirmation—that Mr. Blaine has made overtures to the Canadian Government for improving commercial relations between the United States and Canada, and that the matter has been under the consideration of the Governments of Great Britain, the United States, and Canada for some time.

From Berlin it is announced as certain that the German Emperor will come to England in July next, and that he will be accompanied by the Empress. It is said that their Majesties, while in England, will visit the German Exhibition to be held in London during the summer.—The great event of the week has been the publication in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* of an article giving the composition of Dr. Koch's remedy for tuberculosis, which consists of a glycerine extract from the pure cultivation of the tubercle bacilli. It is a pity this article was not published some time ago, as it would have prevented many unkind comments on Dr. Koch's discovery. Now that the composition of his remedy is known, medical men will carry on their experiments with greater confidence; but there are many physicians, and among them Professor Virchow, who still pronounce unfavourably on Dr. Koch's method. Until a few cases of undoubted tuberculosis have been completely cured by the new treatment, public opinion will hesitate to believe in it, the more so as some awkward accidents have occurred in cases where it has been tried both in Germany and in other countries. It should be said, however, that these accidents occurred for the greater part in cases which were practically hopeless.

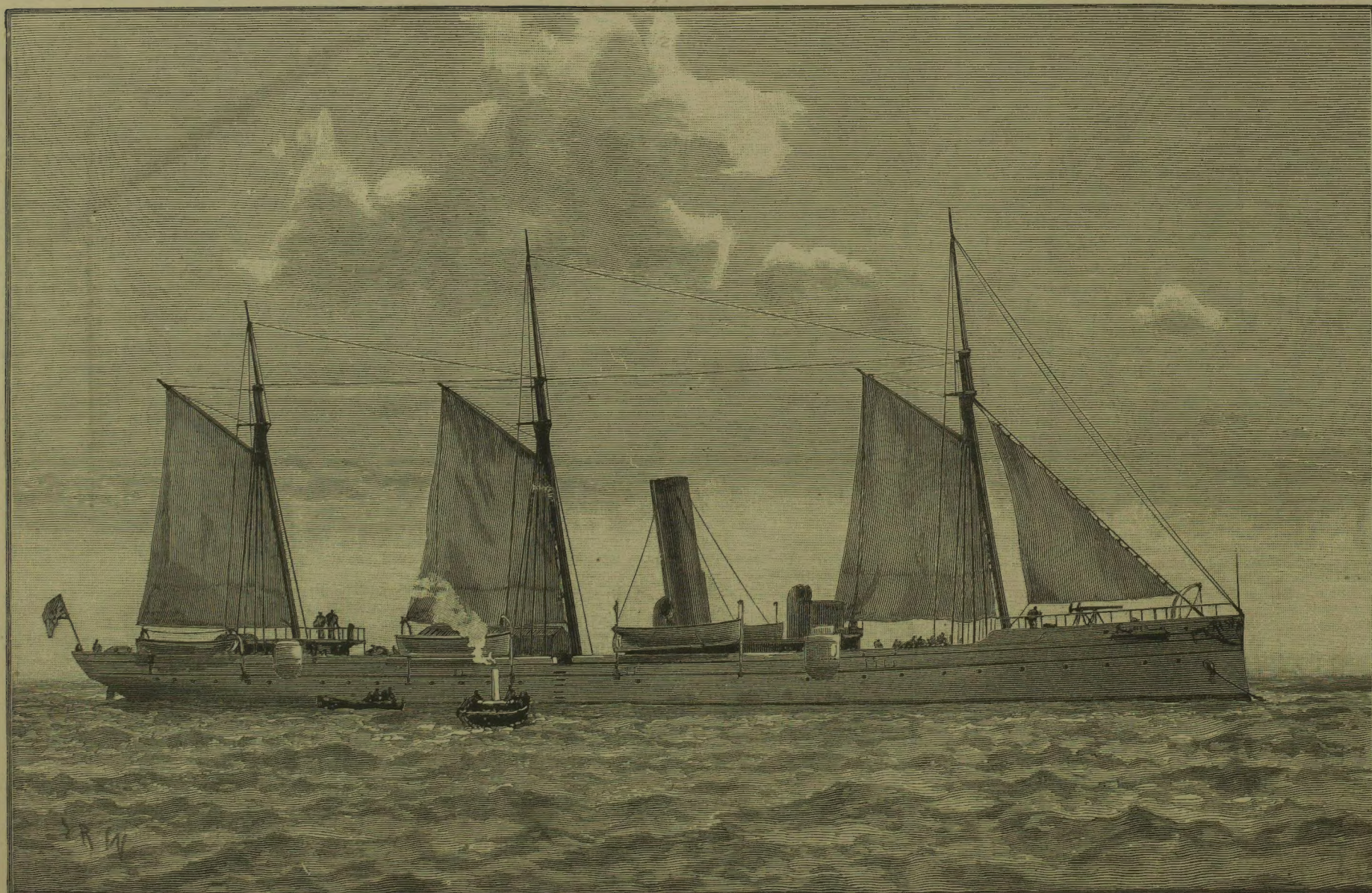
A remarkable controversy has been revived in Paris between two general officers, the Prince de Bauffremont and the Marquis de Gallifet, as to who led the famous cavalry charge at Sedan on Sept. 1, 1870. Although General de Gallifet has always been credited with this feat of arms, Prince de Bauffremont claims to have led the charge, notwithstanding the fact that the late General Ducrot wrote a letter distinctly stating that he had given General de Gallifet the order to charge the Germans at the head of the brigade commanded by General Marguerite, after the last-mentioned officer had been mortally wounded. To this Prince de Bauffremont retorts with another letter written by Marshal MacMahon, who states that General de Gallifet could not have taken command of the cavalry brigade in question, because he had not then been promoted to the rank of General. So that now the controversy bears on two points instead of one: first, as to who really led the charge; second, as to the right of General de Gallifet to his rank in the army. On the second point, it is stated on very good authority that the decree promoting Colonel de Gallifet (as he was then) to the rank of General was signed by the Emperor Napoleon III. on Aug. 30, 1870, and that, when President of the Republic, in 1875, Marshal MacMahon himself signed the decree in virtue of which the Marquis de Gallifet was promoted from Général de Brigade to Général de Division. The French papers are discussing the question with great warmth, the Radical organs siding with Prince de Bauffremont against the Marquis de Gallifet, on account of the part taken by the latter in the repression of the Paris Commune. It is said that the Council of Ministers will have to consider the matter; and a rumour, hitherto unconfirmed, says that a duel between the Prince de Bauffremont and the Marquis de Gallifet is likely to ensue.

Political circles in Paris, Rome, and London have been much exercised with the authorship of a book entitled "La Politique Française en Tunisie," just published anonymously a few days ago. The author, "P. H. X.," displays great fairness towards Italy, writes in a most friendly tone of England, and gives proof of great impartiality. He is said to be a diplomat whose name is as well known in literary as in political circles.

David Kalakaua I., King of Hawaii, died at San Francisco on Jan. 20. His Majesty was born in 1836.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE BANCROFT,
AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."
Sketched from life by Carl J. Becker.



THE AMERICAN NAVY: DESPATCH-VESSEL DOLPHIN.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"I am a girl!" . . . "A girl!" I cried, sending my sight groping over her figure.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HELGA NIELSEN.

For full twenty minutes the lad and I clung to the helm without exchanging a word. The speed of the driven vessel rendered her motion comparatively easy, after the intolerable lurching and rolling and plunging of her as she lay at anchor or in the trough. She was swept onwards with such velocity that I had little or no fear of her taking in the seas over her stern, and she steered well, with but little wildness in the swerving of her bows, as was to be seen by the comparative regularity of the oscillation of the compass card.

This running before the tempest, of course, diminished the volume and power of it, so far, I mean, as our own sensations were concerned; but the sight of the sea, as much of it at least as was visible, coupled with the thunder of the wind up aloft in the sky, and the prodigious crying and shrieking and shrilling of it in the rigging, was warrant enough that were we to heave the barque to we should find the hurricane harder now than it had been at any other time since it first came on to blow. Yet our racing before it, as I have said, seemed somewhat to lull it, and we could converse without having to cry out, though for twenty minutes we stood mute as statues waiting and watching.

At last my companion said to me, "Have we passed that point which you spoke of, do you think?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "It would not be above two miles distant from the point where we broke adrift. Our speed cannot have been less than eight or nine knots. I should say Hurricane Point is a full mile away, down on the quarter there."

"I fear that we shall find the sea," said he, "grow terribly heavy as we advance."

"Yes," said I, "but what is to be done? There is nothing for it but to advance. Suppose such another shift of wind as has just happened—what then? We should have a line of deadly shore right under our lee. No, we must hold on as we are."

"There are but two of us!" cried he: "my father cannot count. What are we to do? We cannot work this big ship!"

"The weather may break," said I: "it is surely too fierce to last. What can we hope for but to be rescued or assisted by some passing vessel? Is this ship staunch?"

"Yes; she is a strong ship," he replied. "She is about six years old. My father is her owner. I wish I could go to him," he added; "he will be dying to learn what has happened and what is being done, and it is past the time for his medicine, and he will be wanting his supper!"

I tried to catch a view of him as he spoke these words, but the haze of the binnacle-lamp did not reach to his face, and it was as black as the face of the sky itself out of that sheen. What he had said had a girlish note in it that I could not

reconcile with his dress, with his seafaring alertness, with his spirited behaviour, his nimble crawling out upon the bowsprit, and his perception of what was to be done under conditions which might well have clouded the wits of the oldest and most audacious sailor.

"Pray go and see your father," said I. "I believe I can keep this helm amidships without help." And, indeed, if I could not have steered the barque alone, I do not know that such assistance as he could offer would have suffered me to control her. He seemed but a slender lad—so far, at least, as I had been able to judge from the view I got when the flare was burning—very quick, but without such strength as I should have looked for in a young seaman, as I could tell whenever the wheel had to be put up or down.

He let go the spokes, and stood apart for a minute or two, as though to judge whether I could manage without him; then said he, "I will return quickly," and with that took a step and vanished in the blackness forward of the binnacle-stand.

My mind dwelt for a moment upon him, upon the clearness and purity of his voice, upon a something in his speech which I could not define, and which puzzled me; upon his words, which were as good English as one could hope to hear at home, albeit there was a certain sharpness and incisiveness—perhaps I might say a little of harshness—in his accentuation that might suggest him a foreigner to an English ear, though, as I then supposed, it was more likely than not this quality arose from the excitement and dismay and distress which worked in him as in me.

But he speedily ceased to engage my thoughts. What could I dwell upon but the situation in which I found myself—the spectacle of the black outline of barque painting herself upon the volumes of white water she hove up around her as she rushed forward pitching bows under, her rigging echoing with unearthly cries, as if the dark waving mass of spar and gear aloft were crowded with tormented souls wailing and howling and shrieking dismally? I recalled my mother's dream; I believed I was acting in some dreadful nightmare of my own slumbers; all had happened so suddenly—so much of emotion, of wild excitement, of agitation, and, I may say, horror, had been packed into the slender space of time between the capsizing of the life-boat and this rushing out of the bay that, now I had a little leisure to bend my mind to contemplation of the reality, I could not believe in it as an actual thing. I was dazed; my hearing was stunned by the ceaseless roar of wind and seas. The Janet stove and sunk! All my lion-hearted men drowned perhaps! The poor Danes, for whom they had forfeited their lives, long ago corpses! Would not this break my mother's heart? Would there be a survivor to tell her that when I was last seen I was aboard the barque? Once again I figured the little parlour I had quitted but a few hours since—I pictured my mother

sitting by the fire, waiting and listening—the long night, the bitter anguish of suspense!—it was lucky for me that the obligation of having to watch and steer the vessel served as a constant intrusion upon my mind at this time, for could I have been able to sit down and surrender myself wholly to my mood, God best knows how it must have gone with me.

The lad was about ten minutes absent. I found him alongside the wheel without having witnessed his approach. He came out of the darkness as a spirit might shape itself, and I did not know that he was near me until he spoke.

"My father says that our safety lies in heading into the open sea, to obtain what you call a wide offing," said he.

"What does he advise?" I asked.

"We must continue to run," he says, answered the lad, meaning by *run* that we should keep the barque before the wind. "When the coast is far astern we must endeavour to heave to." So he counsels. I told him we are but two. He answered, "It may be done."

"I wish he were able to leave his cabin and take charge," said I. "What is his complaint?"

"He was seized shortly after leaving Cuxhaven with rheumatism in the knees," he answered: "he cannot stand, cannot indeed stir either leg."

"Why did he not get himself conveyed ashore for treatment?"

"He hoped to get better. We were to call at Swansea before proceeding to Porto Allegre, and, if he had found himself still ill when he arrived there, it was his intention to procure another captain for the Anine and remain at Swansea with me until he was able to return home."

"Who had charge of the barque when she brought up in the bay?" I inquired, finding a sort of relief in asking these questions, and, indeed, in having somebody to converse with, for even my ten minutes of loneliness at the helm of that pitching and foaming vessel had depressed me to the very core of my soul.

"The carpenter, who acted as second mate."

"Yes, I recollect; some of our boatmen brought the news. Your chief mate broke his leg and was sent ashore. But did your father consent to the Anine dropping anchor in so perilous a bay as ours—perilous, I mean, considering the weather at the time?"

"He was at the mercy of the man Damm—the carpenter, I mean," he answered. "The crew had refused to keep the sea: they said a tempest was coming, and that shelter must be sought before the wind came, and the carpenter steered the barque for the first haven he fell in with, which happened to be your bay. Our crew were not good men; they were grumbling much, as your English word is, from the hour of our leaving Cuxhaven."

"But surely," said I, "the poor fellows who sprang out of

the fore-rigging could not have formed the whole of the crew of a ship of this burthen."

"No," he answered: "the carpenter and five men got away in one of the boats when they found that the barque was dragging her anchors. They lowered one boat, which filled and was knocked to pieces, and the wreck of it, I dare say, is still swinging at the tackles. They lowered the other boat, and went away in her."

"Did they reach the shore?"

"I do not know," said he.

"They must have been a bad lot," said I: "those who escaped in the boat and those who hung in the shrouds, to leave your helpless father to his fate."

"Oh! a bad lot, a wicked lot!" he cried. "They were not Danes," he added. "Danish sailors would not have acted as those men did."

"Are you a Dane?" I asked.

"My father is," he answered. "I am as much English as Danish. My mother was an Englishwoman."

"I should have believed you wholly English," said I. "Are you a sailor?"

He answered no. I was about to speak, when he exclaimed, "I am a girl!"

Secretly for some time I had supposed this, and yet I was hardly less astonished had I been without previous suspicion.

"A girl!" I cried, sending my sight groping over her figure; but to no purpose. She was absolutely indistinguishable saving her arms, which were dimly touched by the haze of the binnacle light as they lay upon the spokes of the wheel.

"It is my whim to dress as a boy on board ship!" she exclaimed, with no stammer of embarrassment that I could catch in her clear delivery, that penetrated to my ear without loss of a syllable through the heavy storming of the gale, flashing with the fury of a whirlwind off the brows of the seas which rushed at us, as the barque's counter soared into the whole weight and eye of the tempest.

So far had we conversed; but at this moment a great surge took the barque and swung her up in so long, so dizzy, and sickening an upheaval, followed by so wild a fall into the frothing hollow at its base, that speech was silenced in me, and I could think of nothing else but the mountainous billows now running. Indeed, as my companion had predicted, the farther we drew out from the land the heavier we found the sea. The play of the ocean, indeed, out here was rendered fierce beyond words by the dual character of the tempest; for the seas which had been set racing out of the west had not yet been conquered by the violence of the new gale and by the hurl of the liquid hills out of the east; and the barque was now labouring in the same sort of pyramidal sea as had run in the bay, saving that here the whole power of the great Atlantic was in each billow, and the fight between the contending waters was as a combat of mighty giants.

The decks were full of water; at frequent intervals the brow of the sea rushing past us, swift as was our own speed upon its careering back, would arch over the rail and tumble aboard in a heavy fall of water, and the smoke of it would rise from the planks as though the barque were on fire, and make the blackness forward of the mainmast hoary. I sought in vain for the least break in the dark ceiling of the sky. Will the vessel be able to keep afloat? I was now all the time asking myself. Is it possible for any structure put together by human hands to outlive such a night of fury as this? As I have said, I was no sailor, yet my longshore training gave me very readily to know that the best, if not the only, chance for our lives was to get the barque hove-to, and leave her to breast the seas and live the weather out as she could with her helm lashed, and, perhaps, some bit of tarpaulin in the weather-rigging, to keep her head up. But this that was to be easily wished was inexpressibly perilous to attempt or achieve, for, in bringing the vessel to, it was as likely as not we should founder out of hand. A single sea might be enough to do our business; and, failing that, there was the almost certain prospect of the decks being swept, of every erection from the taffrail to the bows being carried away, ourselves included, of a score of leaks being started by a single blow, and, even if the girl and I managed to hold on, of the barque foundering under our feet.

Thus we rushed onward, very literally indeed scudding under bare poles, as it is called, and for a long while we had neither of us a word to exchange, so present was calamity, so near was death, so dreadful were the thunderous sounds of the night, so engrossing our business of keeping the flying fabric dead before the seas.

I pulled out my watch and held it hastily to the binnacle lamp, and found the hour exactly one. The girl asked me the time. This was the first word that had passed between us for a long while. I replied, and she said in a voice that indicated extraordinary spirit, but that, nevertheless, sounded languishingly after her earlier utterance: "Now that it is past midnight, the gale may break; surely such fierce weather cannot last for many hours!"

"I wish you would go," said I, "and get some refreshment for yourself, and lie down for awhile. I believe I can manage single-handed to keep the vessel before it."

"If I lie down, it would not be to sleep," she answered; "but if you think I can be spared from the wheel for a few minutes, I will obtain some refreshment for us both, and I should also like to see how my father does."

I answered that if the helm was to prove too heavy for me, her help might hardly save me from being obliged to let go.

"Do not believe this," she exclaimed, "because you now know that I am a girl!"

"I have had no heart for wonderment as yet," said I; "otherwise my astonishment and admiration would reassure you, if you suppose I doubt your strength and capacity now that I know you to be a girl. A little refreshment will help us both," and I was going to advise her to seize the opportunity to attire herself in dry clothes, for I was in oilskins, whereas, so far as I was able to gather, her dress was a pea-jacket and a cloth cap, and I knew that again and again she had been soaked to the skin, and that the wind pouring on her would be chilling her to her very heart. But even amid such a time as this I was sensible of a diffidence in naming what was in my mind, and held my peace.

She left the wheel, and I stood steering the barque single-handed, with my eyes fixed upon the illuminated compass card, while I noticed that the course the vessel was taking, which always held her dead before the gale, was now above a point, nay, perhaps two points, to the southward of west; whence it was clear the hurricane was veering northwardly.

Whether it was because this small shift in the wind still found the colliding seas travelling east and west, or that some heavy surge sweeping its volume along the starboard bow caused the barque to "yaw" widely, as it is termed, and so brought a great weight of billow against the rudder: be the cause what it will—while my eye was rooted upon the card, the stern of the vessel was, on a sudden, run up with the velocity of a balloon from whose car all the ballast has been thrown, the spokes were wrenched from my hand as they revolved like the driving-wheel of a locomotive in full career, and I was sent spinning against the bulwark, from which I dropped upon my knees and so rolled over, stunned.

For all I could tell I might have lain five minutes or five hours without my senses. I believe I was brought to by the washing over me of the water that lay in that lee-part of the deck into which I had been flung. I sat erect, but for a long while was unable to collect my mind, so bewildered were my brains by the fall and so confounded besides by the uproar round and about. I then made out the figure, as I took it, of the girl, standing at the wheel, and got on to my legs, and after feeling over myself, so to speak, to make sure that all my bones were sound, I staggered, or rather clawed my way up to the wheel: for the barque seemed now to me to be upon her beam-ends, and rolling with dreadful wildness, and there were times when the foaming waters rushed inboards over the rail which she submerged to leeward.

The girl cried out when she spied me. I had to draw close indeed to be seen; it was as black down where I was thrown as the inside of the vessel's hold. She cried out, I say, uttering some Danish exclamation, and then exclaimed—

"Oh! I feared you were lost; I feared that you had been thrown overboard; I ought not to have left you alone at the wheel. Tell me if you are hurt?"

"No; I am uninjured," I replied. "But what has become of the ship? I am only just recovered from my swoon."

"Oh!" she cried, "she has taken up the very situation you wished for. She has hove herself to. She came broadside to the sea after you were flung from the wheel. We are mercifully watched over. We dared not of ourselves have brought her to the wind."

All my senses were now active in me once more, and I could judge for myself. It was as the girl had said. The barque had fallen into the trough, had taken up a position for herself, and was shouldering the heavy western surge with her bow, coming to and falling off in rhythmic sweep. Clouds of froth repeatedly broke over her fore-castle; but she seemed while I then watched her to rise buoyant to each black curl of billow as it took her amidships.

"Will you help me to lash the helm?" cried the girl. "It is all that the Anne will need, I am sure. She will be able to fight the storm alone if we can secure the wheel."

Between us, we drove the helm "hard a-lee," to use the sea term—for which, indeed, it is impossible to find an equivalent, though I trust to be as sparing in this language as the obligation of explanation will permit—and then, by means of ropes wound round the spokes, so bound the wheel as to cripple all play in it.

"Will she lie up to the wind, do you think," said I, "without some square of canvas abaft here to keep her head to it?"

"I have been watching her. I believe she will do very well," the girl answered. "I feared that that little head of sail we hoisted in the bay would blow her bows round, and, by this not happening, I suppose that sail is in rags. One would not have heard it split in such a thunder of wind as this."

"Have you seen your father?"

"Yes. I was talking to him when you were thrown from the wheel. I knew what had happened by the behaviour of the vessel. I ran out, and feared you were lost."

"What does he counsel?"

"Oh! it is still his wish that we should go on putting plenty of sea betwixt us and the land. But do you notice that the gale has gone somewhat into the north? He will be glad to hear it, now that we are no longer scudding. Our drift should put us well clear of the Land's End, and, indeed, I dare say now we are being thrust away at several miles in the hour from the coast. He is very anxious to know if the Anne has taken in water, and wishes me to sound the well. I fear I shall not be able to do this alone."

"Why should you?" cried I. "You shall do nothing alone! I cannot credit that you are a girl! Such spirit—such courage—such knowledge of a calling the very last in the wide world that women are likely to understand! Pray let me ask your name?"

"Helga Nielsen," she answered. "My father is Peter Nielsen—Captain Peter Nielsen," she repeated. "And your name?"

"Hugh Tregarthen," said I.

"It is sad that you should be here," said she, "brought away from your home, suffering all this hardship and peril! You came to save our lives. God will bless you, Sir. I pray that the good God may protect and restore you to those you love."

Spite of the roar of the wind, and the ceaseless crashing and seething sound of the smiting and colliding seas, I could catch the falter of emotion in her voice as she pronounced these words; but then, as you will suppose, we were close together standing shoulder to shoulder against the binnacle, while we exchanged these sentences.

"There is refreshment in the cabin," said she, after a pause of a moment or two. "You need support. This has been a severe night of work for you, Sir, from the hour of your putting off to us in the life-boat."

I found myself smiling at the motherly tenderness conveyed in the tone of her voice. I longed to have a clear view of her, for it was still like talking in a pitch-dark room; the binnacle lamp needed trimming; its light was feeble, and the sky lay horribly black over the ocean, that was raging, ghastly with pallid glances of sheets of foam, under it.

"Let us first sound the well, if possible," said I; "for our lives' sake we ought to find out what is happening below."

By this time we had watched and waited long enough to satisfy ourselves that the barque would do as well as we dared hope with her helm lashed; and it also happened very fortunately that her yards were in the right trim for the posture in which she lay, having been pointed to the wind—the fore-yards on one tack, the main-yards on the other—when the gale came on to blow in the bay, and the braces had not since been touched. I walked with the girl to the entrance of the deck-house, the door of which faced forwards. She entered the structure, and, while I waited outside, lighted a bull's-eye lamp, with which she rejoined me, and together we went forward to another house built abaft of the galley. This had been the place in which the crew slept. The carpenter's chest was here, and also the sounding-rod. We then went to the pumps, and while I held the lamp she dropped the rod down the sounding-pipe, drew it up and brought it to the light and examined it, and named the depth of water there was in the hold. I do not recollect the figure, but I remember that, though it was significant, there was nothing greatly to alarm us in it, seeing how heavily and how frequently the barque had been flooded with the seas, and how much of the water might have made its way from above.

I recount this little passage in a few lines, yet it forms one of the most sharp-cut of the memories of my adventure. The picture is before me as I write. I see the pair of us as we come to a dead stand, grasping each other for support, while the vessel rolls madly over on the slope of some huge hurtling sea; I see the bright glare from the bull's-eye lamp in the girl's hand, dancing like a will-o'-the-wisp upon the black flood betwixt the rails washing with the slant of the decks to our knees; I see her dropping the rod down the tube, coolly examining it, declaring its indication; while, to the flash of the lamplight,

I catch an instant's glimpse of her face, shining out white—large-eyed as it seemed to me—upon the blackness rushing in thunder athwart the deck.

She led the way into the deck-house. There was a small lantern wildly swinging at a central beam—my companion had lighted it when she procured the bull's-eye lamp—it diffused a good lustre, and I could see very plainly. It was just a plain, ordinary, shipboard interior, with three little windows of a side, a short table, lockers on either hand, and a sleeping-berth, or cabin, designed for the captain's use, aft; the companion-hatch, which led to the deck below, was betwixt the after-end of the cabin and the bulkhead of the berth, but the rapid glance I threw around speedily settled, as you may suppose, into a look—a long look—full of curiosity, surprise, and admiration, at the girl.

She stood before me dressed as a sailor lad, in a suit of pilot cloth and a red silk handkerchief round her throat, but her first act on entering was to remove her cloth cap, that was streaming wet, and throw it down upon the table; and thus she stood with her eyes fixed on me, as mine were on her, each of us surveying the other. Her hair was cut short, and was rough and plentiful, without remains of any sort of fashion in the wearing of it—nay, indeed, it was unperturbed. It was very fair hair, and as pale as amber in the lamplight. Her eyebrows were of a darker colour, and very perfectly arched, as though pencilled. It was impossible to guess the hue of her eyes by that light: they seemed of a very dark blue, such as might prove violet in the sunshine, soft and liquid, and of an expression even in that hour of peril, of the horror of tempest, of the prospect of death, indeed, that might make one readily suppose her of a nature both sweet and merry. There was no sign of exposure to the weather upon her face; she was white with the paleness of fatigue and emotion. Her cheeks were plump, her mouth small, the under-lip a little pouted, and her teeth pearl-like and very regular. Even by the light in which I now surveyed her I never for a moment could have mistaken her for a lad. There was nothing in her garb to neutralise for an instant the suggestions of her sex.

"I will take you to my father," said she, "but you must first eat and drink."

I could not have told how exhausted I was until I sank down upon a locker and rested my arms upon the table. I was too wearied to ask the questions that I should have put to her at another time, and could do no more than watch her, with a sort of dull wonder at her nimbleness, and the spirit and resolution of her movements as she lifted the lid of the locker and produced a case-bottle of Hollands, some cold meat, and a tin of white biscuits.

"We have no bread," said she, smiling: "we obtained some loaves off the Isle of Wight, but the last was eaten yesterday."

She took a tumbler from a rack and mixed a draught of the Hollands with some water which she got from a filter fixed to a stanchion, and extended the glass.

"Pray let me follow you," said I. She shook her head. "Yes!" I cried, "God knows you should need some such tonic more than I!"

I induced her to drink, and then took the glass and emptied it. A second dram warmed and heartened me. I was without appetite, but was willing to cat for the sake of such strength as might come from a meal. The girl made herself a sandwich of biscuit and meat, and we fell to. And so we sat facing each other, eating, staring at each other; the pair of us all the while hearkening with all our ears to the roaring noises outside, to the training sounds within the ship, and feeling—I speak of myself—with every nerve tense as a fiddle-string, the desperate slants and falls and uprisals of the deck or platform upon which our feet rested.

(To be continued.)

Professor Tyndall is confined to his bed at Hindhead, Haslemere. He is suffering from an illness sufficiently severe to necessitate the calling in of a London physician.

The farmers of South Lincolnshire are complaining of the sparrows, which have increased during the last few years to such an alarming extent that they have taken drastic steps for their extermination. Several parishes have combined to employ bird-catchers, who are paid at the rate of 3d. per dozen for the birds, dead or alive.

A fine specimen of the golden eagle has been shot near Waltham Cross. The bird was seen hovering over one of the woods, and it was brought to the ground with difficulty, six shots being fired at it. The wings measure 7½ ft. from tip to tip. On being approached, the bird fixed his talons in the gamekeeper's leg, and also severely lacerated one of his hands.

Carlyle treated the plays of Franz Grillparzer with a contempt which he did not always extend to mediocre work in the German language. There is, however, no lack of appreciation in the land of his birth, for the author of the "Ahnfrau" is popular among all the German-speaking peoples, and in Vienna, where he was born, there is a monument to his memory which, among English monuments, can only be compared to the Albert Memorial. On Jan. 16, the one hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth, the occasion was celebrated in every part of Germany and Austria. At Berlin the Press devoted articles to Grillparzer's memory, and most of the theatres produced his plays. At the Lessing Theatre the "Dream of Life," which is shortly to be produced on the London stage, was represented.

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FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA.

RIVER VOYAGE OF THE PHOENIX UP TO YENISEISK.

From our Special Artist, Mr. Julius Price.

Yeniseisk, Siberia, Oct. 26.

On Tuesday, Sept. 23, occurred the sad fatality which I have already referred to—the death of Mr. George Lee, agent in Siberia of the Anglo-Siberian Syndicate. We had been moving slowly but surely, all day, against a strong head-wind; in the evening, after dinner, we were all seated in the cabin, smoking, and otherwise passing the time in our usual pleasant after-dinner fashion, when suddenly we heard a man who was taking soundings at the bows call out a quick change in the depth of water. Mr. Lee, who was reading a book, immediately jumped up, and, putting on his fur coat and cap, hastily went out, exclaiming as he did so that he “smelt something wrong.” He had only been gone a few minutes, when we heard loud cries from the deck, the engine stopped, and almost immediately the captain rushed into the cabin in a frantic state. With some difficulty we gathered from his gestures that Mr. Lee had fallen overboard. In less time than it takes to write it we were all outside and on the upper deck. The excitement was indescribable; it was a pitch-dark night, and snowing hard; on all sides were men hurrying with lanterns, while the captain, through his speaking-trumpet, bawled out directions to the men in tug and barges behind us. For a few minutes, which seemed ages, we were peering into the intense darkness astern in the hope of seeing something which would guide us to the whereabouts of the unfortunate man, but in vain; when, all of a sudden, we heard shouts from the tug that they had picked him up. Our joy was great, but destined, unfortunately, to be of short duration. After some little delay, but really in wonderfully quick time considering, the tug was observed coming towards us, and soon was alongside. On its deck was a confused group of men, standing in awed silence, and looking strangely weird through the driving snow and under the flickering light of a lantern. In their midst, in a blanket which they were holding by the four corners, was something dripping wet, human in form. With little difficulty it was got on board the Phoenix, and then we saw it was the lifeless form of our ill-fated friend, who so few minutes before had been with us in the best of health and spirits, little dreaming his end was so near. It was a solemn sight, and brought before us with a power seldom realised that thrilling sentence, “In the midst of life we are in



ONE OF THE RIVER PILOTS.

as possible, for we had no time to lose, with winter so close at hand.

But our misfortunes were not yet at an end. A day or so afterwards, owing to the strong current keeping us back, we ran short of wood, when we were still some distance from the next station, so, in order not to let the fires out, it was decided (contrary to our usual custom, as we always anchored at dusk) to proceed all night. It was a nasty wet night, with a thick mist over everything, so our progress was very uncertain. All went well till about three o'clock, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the water shallowed, and, with a nasty grinding sound which I shall long remember, the Phoenix ran aground. It was too dark and foggy at the time to make out where we were, but we evidently were stuck hard and fast, as was supposed, on a bank in the middle of the river. All efforts to back her were unsuccessful. The fog lifted shortly after, and it was then discovered that we had run clean ashore, so close, in fact, that one could almost have walked off the ship on to the grass. For several precious hours every possible device was tried in vain, and at one time things looked decidedly ugly, as we were on a rocky bottom. Our little tug, however, proved invaluable, for she at length succeeded in moving our bows, and then, to our great relief, we slid off into deep water, not without damage, unfortunately, for it was afterwards discovered that we had broken a blade of the propeller; still, we managed to get along somehow, in spite of it. It was high time, for we were at the very end of our supply of wood, and it was only by burning everything available, even to the hatches and some spare packing-cases we luckily had on board, that we could reach the next station, where we found wood in abundance. We anchored opposite quite a “swagger” house, far and away the best we had hitherto seen in Siberia. It was two storeys high, had carved window-frames, a bright-green roof, and other attempts at artistic decoration which one would hardly have expected to find so far away in Asia. The owner of the place, we learnt, was a rich retired merchant named Sotnikoff, who has amassed a large fortune by mining and extensive trading operations. Vegetating in this dead-alive spot struck me as being a very unambitious ending to a long and successful life—however, *chacun à son goût*. We

went ashore and paid Mr. Sotnikoff a visit, and were received with the usual hospitality of Russian people—I mean a regular sort of meal they put before one, generally consisting of delicious caviare and black bread, fish pies, cakes, eggs, &c., washed down with copious draughts of vodka, and followed by the inevitable samovar. The house was furnished quite in a luxurious fashion, and the large room we were shown in boasted a really pretty suite of furniture and had pictures on the walls. Mr. Sotnikoff, however, in spite of his great reputed wealth, was dressed in the ordinary costume of a Russian peasant, and with his long white beard presented quite a patriarchal appearance. He returned our visit later in the day, and strongly urged us not even to attempt to reach Yeniseisk with all our barges so late in the season, winter being so close at hand that the river might be frozen over at any moment, in which case we risked losing all our flotilla, if it caught us in any unprotected spot. Our best plan, he told us, would be to leave one of our least important barges in his charge till next spring, and proceed with the remainder without losing a moment, if possible. This advice so corroborated what we had already learnt that, as a result of a long and serious consultation, one of the barges was detached and left with him till the winter is past. We then again started, hoping that, with our diminished load, we should make better progress. The next few days were uneventful; the banks, with their fringe of dense forest, still continuing in dreary and endless monotony, while overhead flocks of migratory birds were continually passing us on their way south—sure and ominous sign of approaching winter. We could not help being surprised by the number of seagulls we still saw about; in fact, their name seemed almost a misnomer, so many hundreds of miles were we from the sea.

The curious huts of the Samoyede natives along the shores now gradually disappeared, and in their stead appeared other huts somewhat similar in form, only covered with strips of birch bark instead of skins, and inhabited by Ostiaks, a race of people not unlike the Samoyedes, but, from what I hear, certainly much more civilised—though that is not saying much, for they could not very easily be less so. On Sept. 30 we passed Selivanaka, a picturesque and flourishing little settlement, which is entirely inhabited by a portion of the secret sect called “Skoptchi,” or “White Doves,” who are perpetually banished from Russia on account of their peculiar doctrines. I had already read much about these curious people, and was hoping that we should stop here for wood, so that I should



SAMOYEDE OF THE YENISEI RIVER.

death.” Although we persevered for no less than four hours with Dr. Sylvester’s method, and tried every other known restorative, all was in vain: the unfortunate man never for one moment showed the least sign of life; so at last we were reluctantly forced to come to the conclusion that our efforts were futile. We afterwards learnt how the accident had happened from the only man who had witnessed it. Mr. Lee, in his excitement to learn the depth of the water, as shown by the sounding-pole, had stood on a log of timber covered with snow which was lying under the bulwarks, and, leaning over too far, his foot slipped on the treacherous surface, and he went overboard head first, so suddenly that he had not time to utter a cry. Considering how rapid the stream was, and the darkness of the night, the fact of his body being picked up at all was nothing short of miraculous, for we were going full speed at the time. Only a few days before, he had been telling us he could swim like a duck, and that evening during dinner had been relating some wonderful escapes from death he had had during his life. We had learnt that his heart was weak, so there can be very little doubt that the shock of the sudden immersion in the icy-cold water had had an instantaneously fatal effect, for his features showed no signs of any death-struggle, but were as calm as in sleep. A long consultation then took place, with the result that the London agent of the Syndicate took command of the ship, and she was again started ahead. This awful event naturally cast a gloom over us all—although, as if in mockery of worldly griefs, the sun shone out brilliantly the next morning for the first time since we had left; in fact, it was like spring again. It was hard to realise that for the remainder of our voyage the Phoenix, so to speak, would be a floating hearse. No end of ghastly formalities had to be gone through, such as sealing up the dead man’s effects, having a coffin made by one of the ship’s carpenters, and a heap of other details, the custom-house officer now proving himself a really good fellow, and helping us as much as he could; in fact, I don’t know what we should have done without him, speaking so little Russian as we all did. We learnt from him that we should have to stop at Turuchansk, the first important village we came to, and get permission from the police officer there to take the body on to Yeniseisk, and, as there was certain to be an inquest, we must make up our minds to some unavoidable delay. The only thing to be done, therefore, was to get on as quickly



A YOUNG MOTHER.



THE HANDSOMEST OF HIS FAMILY.

be able to go ashore and have a look round; but we were not in need of fuel, our time was too precious to allow of any needless delays, and I had to content myself with as good a look at the settlement and its inhabitants as I could get through my binocular, for, although a boat containing three men rowed off to us, we did not stop. However, we had plenty of opportunity later on for a closer inspection of these men. It happened this way: The boat returned to the shore, and Selivanaka was fast disappearing behind us, when we observed another boat rapidly catching us up, coming along close to the shore. In a very short time it was abreast of us, and we then saw it was drawn by three dogs, and contained the same men we had previously seen—they stopped when a little ahead of us, and, taking their dogs on board, rowed off to us and asked if we would allow them to tow behind us as far as Turuchansk, some few versts farther on. The desired permission being given to them, they shortly after came up on deck, and we therefore had plenty of time to examine more closely these specimens of one of the most curious sects in the world. I was lucky enough to get one of them, who turned out to be the “village elder,” to let me make a careful sketch of him, as he had a face full of character; during which time I managed, through an interpreter, to obtain some interesting particulars of these “peculiar people.” They are all eunuchs, marriage being forbidden among them. The Holy Virgin and the Christ they worship are appointed by their elders, and it is said they consider Peter III. as their god, imagining him to be still living. They are also strict vegetarians and total abstainers, from which facts one gathers that, taking one consideration with another, a Skoptchi’s life is not a happy one. Afterwards I had a look at their boat, which was towing behind, and I could not help noticing the ready way in which their dogs made themselves comfortable during their masters’ absence. The only harness they wear is a sort of band round the loins, which is connected with the boat by means of a long cord. Three is the number generally used, and wonderful are the distances which, I am told, they are able to accomplish—forty and even fifty versts at a stretch, and against the stream. No whip is ever used, their master’s voice being quite sufficient to urge them on, for if one of them flags the others snap at him and make him keep up the pace.

(To be continued.)



TEA-TIME AT THE MEN'S QUARTERS ON SHORE.



BANKS OF THE YENISEI RIVER AT WOROGORO: A LOAD OF WOOD FOR THE STEAMSHIP PHOENIX.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



A NEW YEAR BALL: THE LADIES' CHAIN.

LITERATURE.

ACROSS GREENLAND.

The First Crossing of Greenland. By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated from the Norwegian by Hubert Majendie Jepp, B.A. Two vols. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—Physical geography finds an interesting subject in the conformation, remarkably simple and uniform, but causing most important climatic conditions, of that vast island, off the north-east Arctic archipelago that lies above the North American Continent, and which occupies some thirty degrees of latitude, being in size nearly equal to all Western Europe. Greenland—an inappropriate name for a country which is never green, having but scanty verdure on some places of its coasts, and rather to be called Whiteland or Snowland—is so near to Europe, seldom as we think of it, that it greatly influences British comfort. Our north-west winds, occasionally boisterous, yet generally salubrious, tempered by the broad waters of the North Atlantic, are a beneficial gift of Greenland, bringing vigour of body and mind to the nations dwelling in these islands and on the shores of the German Ocean. Our sea fisheries, which have nursed English, Dutch, Norwegian, Danish, French, and German maritime enterprise, and are still a valuable part of national wealth, owe their existence to the cold ocean currents, needful to cod, herring, and other prolific kinds, deflected from the Greenland east coast; while the Polar current from Baffin's Bay, west of Greenland, confers a similar benefit, on the whole of less amount, upon Newfoundland and British North America. Without Greenland, assuredly, Great Britain and its people would not have been what they are. The debt of gratitude from Norway to Greenland is still more obvious; and the historical connection between those two countries, dating from an adventure with an Iceland ship nine centuries ago, or from yet earlier visits—and even settlements—on the western coasts, attests this natural relation.

But from another point of view, that of geological scientific inquiry, Norwegians have a special call to the exploration of Greenland. Its southern part, in the same latitudes as those of Norway, from the 70th down to the 60th geographical

ago. Within the last thirty years, short expeditions have been made by Dr. Rae, Dr. Hayes, Mr. Edward Whymper, and Dr. Robert Brown, with no valuable results; by the Swedish Baron Nordenskiöld and Professor Berggren, in 1870, by Mr. Whymper again in 1872, by Helland, the Norwegian geologist, in 1875, by Steenstrup, Kornerup, and Lieutenant Jensen, from 1876 to 1878, and again by Nordenskiöld in 1883, reaching the main snow-covered inland plateau, but not



EVENING IN THE TENT: "THE SOUP IS READY!"

settling the question of its extent. Nordenskiöld conjectured that there might be valleys and low plains in the interior, sheltered by the mountain ranges east and west, and enjoying a climate favourable to forest vegetation. This opinion was based on meteorological calculations of the quantity of snow or rainfall necessary to supply a complete envelope of ice and snow for so large a country as Greenland, as some portion of the frozen moisture would be intercepted by the mountains around the coast. Dr. Nansen's expedition has now proved, on the contrary, that the interior plateau gradually rises, where he crossed it, to an elevation of nearly 9000 ft., which is probably increased in North Greenland, and gives reason to believe that there are no open valleys or lowlands, no great lakes and rivers, of course no possible forests or plains bearing herbage. It may be, however, that the snow deposit on the extreme northern coast is slight and intermittent, from meteorological causes; but all over the middle of the land, from north to south, lies, apparently, one unbroken mantle of ice and coagulated snow, the outer edges of which are constantly being chipped off and floating away in the sea as icebergs, while the water beneath, at a low level, flows off like the streams at the bottom of the Swiss glaciers, so that the altitude of the superincumbent mass is not much increased.

Dr. Nansen's vivid and spirited narrative of the labours bravely performed by him and his small party is never boastful or magniloquent. Instead of challenging admiration for himself or any of his comrades, he tells us frankly how they got on from day to day, and inserts the reports written by Dietrichson and others, even by the Lapp Balto, and by an Eskimo from Godthaab, to complete the account. No suppressed revelations of a "Rear Column," after six months' compulsory silence, are to be feared by this honest and truthful commander of an arduous expedition. The simple brotherly kindness, with the steady maintenance of discipline, that prevailed between these four Norwegians, two of them highly educated gentlemen, a third captain of a merchant vessel, the fourth a young farmer and sailor, and two Lapps, one of whom, partly Finnish, was intelligent and could write as well as read, is very pleasant. Dietrichson, an officer of the army, who was second in command, seems to have worked nobly, sparing himself no fatigue or exposure; and Sverdrup's nautical skill was of great service in the long boat voyage on the east coast, and in that down Ameralikfjord to Godthaab. Roughing it equally as they all did, eating and sleeping together, sharing the same toil and hardships, these six men of different

rank and breeding, mutually respecting each other, while "Nansen," as the sturdy Lapps called him, was always obeyed, show the best qualities of Norwegian manhood. Their adventures must be divided into two separate parts. At first, after leaving, on July 17, the steamer Jason, a sealing-vessel, which had brought them from Iceland, they drifted in their two boats, or, rather, on pieces of the floating ice, often twenty or thirty miles from land, with the Polar current, all the way

down the east coast, during eleven days, at the rate of thirty miles a day, till they were enabled, on July 28, to approach the land, and to get inside the barrier of drift-ice, so that they could row back northward, close to shore, a boat voyage of twelve days, reaching their final landing-place, near Umivik, on Aug. 10. It appears to us that this maritime portion of the undertaking was ill-managed, and that Dr. Nansen could not have taken advice of navigators experienced in the conditions of that sea-coast, where he came, evidently, a month or more too early in the season. His own historical compilation of the records, for two centuries, of attempts to get through the ice-barrier proves that it can hardly be passed till September, by which time the summer drift of Polar ice has ceased. Many shipwrecked crews have been caught in it, have been carried out to sea, and have perished miserably.

The overland pedestrian journey, commenced on Aug. 15, accomplished in six weeks, is narrated in a hundred and fifty pages of the second volume. When we say "pedestrian," it must not be understood as walking; these hardy Norsemen knew a trick worth two of that. In the instructive preliminary chapters on their equipment, the Norwegian "skis" (pronounced "shis"), and the skill of "skiløbers," are minutely described. The "ski" is a wooden foot-gear, 8 ft. long, 3½ in. wide at its broadest part, curving upward towards the front. The "skiløber" puts his toes into a leather receptacle, like the fore part of a boot, and buckles a strap round the back of the heel, allowing the heel to rise freely. With a pair of "skis" he can skid over moderately firm snow, at the speed of seven, eight, or nine miles an hour on level ground, and fears not to rush down steep hills with amazing swiftness, or to perform amazing leaps. The broad snow-shoes of the Lapps, and those of the North American Indians, proved much less effective, saving their use to prevent sinking in soft snow. Dr. Nansen's party carried all their stores on two light sledges, drawn by hand, each sledge, with its load, weighing about 200 lb. They had one tent, the floor of which was of stout material; the wall-pieces and roof, being detachable, could occasionally be rigged up as sails for the sledge with a favouring wind. They slept, three lying together, warmly enough, in two bags of reindeer skin, not undressing much, and never washed themselves, for water to drink was scarce. Their food was pemmican or dried and pounded beef, or soup of it, with biscuits, a little jam sometimes, and butter as long as they had it; chocolate was their beverage, not a drop of alcoholic spirits. There was but little tobacco, and Dr. Nansen himself was no smoker. Cooking, and melting snow for water, were done by a simple portable stove. It was rough living, but their health did not suffer, and no serious accident befell them. Actual dangers seem to have been confined to the proper glacier region of the mountain slopes within thirty or forty miles of the sea-coasts. Here the "crevasses" or splits of the ice, though not more formidable than in the Alps of Switzerland, gave much trouble, obliging them to dodge and find a way round; there are no guides in Greenland. Here, too, were a few bare rocks, called "nunataks," probably the summits of submerged mountain ranges. The rate of travelling seldom exceeded five or six miles a day, except when sailing the sledges, or sweeping downhill to the west coast. They were forced, on one occasion, by a tremendous snow-storm, to keep all day and two nights in the tent, which was covered by a snowdrift. The greatest cold, at night, was about 40 degrees below zero; but at noon, in the clear and rare atmosphere, the sun's rays made it hot. No plants or animals could be seen on the upper plateau; a stray bird was a sign of approaching the coast. The mode of travelling and encamping is shown in good illustrations, several of which we are permitted by Messrs. Longman and Co. to reproduce in our own pages. These volumes also contain good maps.

It was at the end of September that this expedition came down to the small lakes at the head of Ameralikfjord, sixty miles from the Danish seaport settlement of Godthaab, on the west coast. Dr. Nansen, assisted by Sverdrup, who fabricated an odd sort of little boat with the tarpaulins of the tent and a few poles or bits of wood, then rowed down the fjord, leaving Dietrichson and the others with one of the sledges. He was hospitably entertained by the few officials, missionaries, and other European residents at Godthaab, and boats, with some provisions, were sent to relieve the other men. Their remarkable undertaking had been most successfully achieved, but they were just too late to go home by the Fox steamer, the last for that year, and had to remain at Godthaab through the winter. This time allowed Dr. Nansen to make interesting excursions among the fjords and islands of the west coast, to learn the use of the "kayak," or Eskimo coracle, and to gain much acquaintance with the Eskimo people, a harmless, kindly, honest, contented race, whose manners and customs, and quaint legendary lore, are quite worthy of study.

LOVE-MAKING TOURISTS IN NORWAY.

How "No. 1" became "1" in Norway. By J. Maitland Stuart. (Hutchinson and Co.)—Among Norwegian steamboat or "Dampsheep" (German, Dampf-schiff) passengers, a married couple is, or are, reckoned as one-and-a-half. This amusing author, if he is really telling his own personal adventures, went to Norway for six weeks, in August and September, a particularly single man, advised and resolved, as a bachelor of the age of thirty with an independent income, "to take care of Number One." He returned in a different condition, not yet quite a husband—for the Lutheran clergy of that country legally demurred to marry two foreigners who were not members of the national Established Church—but fully betrothed to a Scotch young lady, who, as soon as possible, became his wife. The significance of his numerical joke being thus explained, it follows that Mr. Maitland Stuart has more to say about a certain family of his fellow-tourists—the genial, sensible father, an old traveller and man of business, the elder daughter, Matilda, and the bright young daughter, Lætitia Felicia—than of the romantic scenery of Norway. But there is much description also of that—views of the coast towns, Bergen and Thronhjelm, of Molde, Romsdal with its picturesque peaks and cascades, the sublime Geiranger, the sombre Nærødal, the Sognefjord, and the varied beauties of the Hardangerfjord, with its interior recesses of Oddeand Ulvik. Vehicles and post-horses, the slow railway trains and dilatory steam-boats, the lodging, feeding, and bedding at country inns, and the habits of the peasantry, furnish details already known to many readers. Still, there is sufficient interest, both humorous and sentimental, in the growing attachment between "No. 1" and Miss Lætitia, usually spoken of as "the laughing eyes." Her sister, "the green eyes," an amateur landscape artist but an unamiable prude, figures so disadvantageously in this story that we refuse to believe in her existence. But it makes an entertaining book. The title may have been suggested by that of "Three in Norway," published some years ago. One thing commendable in the two persons who thought so much of each other is their taking pains to learn a little of the Norsk language, and to converse, however awkwardly, with the rustic folk. Lætitia, moreover, having been a lady nurse in some hospital, was able to use her skill, more than once, in charitable services to the sick and poor.



A STEEP DESCENT IN THE FOREST.

degree, is a peninsula about equal in magnitude to the Scandinavian peninsula, Norway, Sweden, and Lapland. There are manifest signs that the same physical processes which are now to be observed in Greenland have at remote geological periods taken place, on the same scale, in this region of Northern Europe, and, perhaps, on a smaller scale, in North and West Britain. The whole land covered with a mass of ice, or congealed snow, thousands of feet thick, hundreds of miles wide, the edges of which, fissuring and breaking into huge fragments as they descend the steeper declivities of the underlying rock-bed towards the sea, form moving glaciers, scooping out valleys, lake basins, lochs, and fjords to be made visible, in future ages, by the melting of the ice and snow—that was the condition of Norway, of Scotland and Wales, and of Switzerland, at the Glacial Epoch; and that is the condition of Greenland now.

The feat of travelling across Greenland—that is to say, the comparatively narrow southern peninsula, about 300 miles in width, between the 64th and 65th degrees of latitude—was performed by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Curator of the Bergen Museum, with five companions—namely, Lieutenant Olaf Christian Dietrichson, Otto Sverdrup, Christiansen Trana, and two Lapps, Ragna and Balto, in the summer of 1883. Repeated attempts, indeed, to get into the unknown interior from the Danish settlements on the west coast had been unsuccessful. The earlier journeys, in the last century, were undertaken in hopes of discovering the locality of a lost Norwegian missionary station called Osterbygd, the existence of which seems doubtful; all the ancient Norse settlements on the west coast were ruined and abandoned four centuries



SAILING ON THE INLAND ICE.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

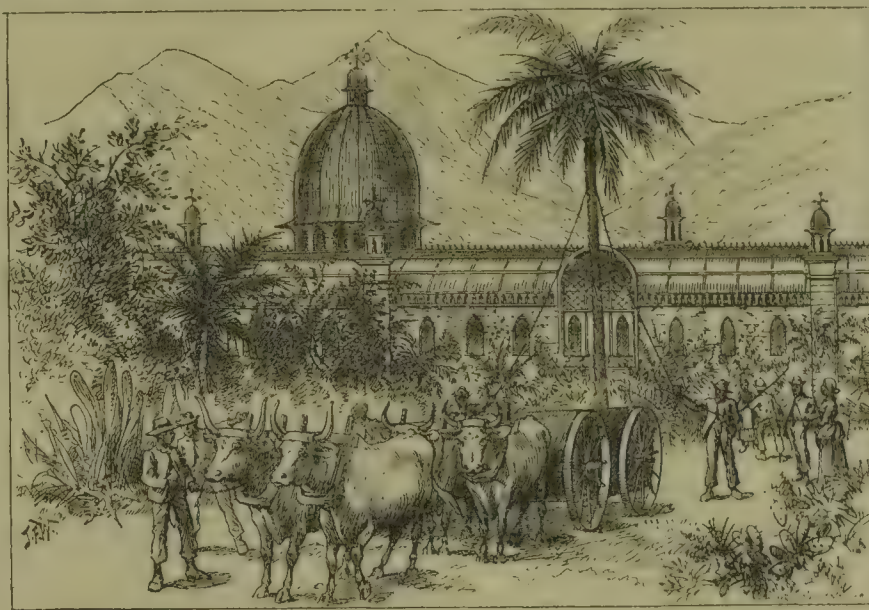
Travellers in Japan give different accounts of what they see there; but they are agreed about one thing—Japan is a paradise for children. Perhaps it is explained by their inborn delight in pretty things; perhaps by the care they take in perfecting all their productions; but, whatever the explanation, the Japanese people spend more pains in making their children happy than any other people under the sun. Pity, then, that we cannot import some of this kind of goodness and wisdom along with the commodities that Mr. Liberty deals in; for though this is a Christian land, and though we are a humane people on principle, England is nothing like Japan as a paradise for children. The rule is love and kindness, no doubt; but the exceptions are too numerous for complacency and too dreadful for contemplation. It is a bitter reproach to the country that there should be any need of a National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; worse, that the need should be so great that merely to describe it is an outrage to feeling. But this it certainly is, as everyone must know who has ever undertaken to read Mr. Waugh's ghastly accounts of the torment inflicted not on dozens or scores of children every year, but hundreds and thousands. These stories, indeed, are so shocking that the mind is indisposed to accept them on any testimony; and I dare say Mr. Waugh will not be surprised to learn that, when they are related by the director of a rescue association, they are sometimes suspected for their colouring and as often resented for their horror. But when cases of cruelty as dreadful as any in Mr. Waugh's reports come before the police court in twos and threes, attention is compelled to them: there is no slinking away behind a half-belief that they "can't be true." Therefore, we cannot confess to an immitigable sorrow though the newspapers have been made odious of late by bluntly told stories of cruelties inflicted on children, of suffering endured by them, which almost scorch the eyes to read.

The impulse to cruelty is always base; but there are degrees in baseness, and the very lowest are those which move numbers of Englishmen and Englishwomen to torture little children into their graves. The merest greed is one motive; others proceed from some of the meanest and most animal jealousy. That hundreds of men and women kill their own children by slow murder for the sake of a few pounds of insurance money has been known for many years. There was a Commission of Inquiry into this prodigious form of wickedness a generation ago, the which I remember best by the discovery that one favourite means of "putting children away" was by holding their ears to keyholes. Bronchitis was the desired and the unfailing consequence; and the disorder once established (do you see the good mother seated at the door and carefully keeping her baby's head in the right direction?), it was easily maintained till the doctor handed in a death certificate worth five pounds ten to the bereaved parent. That kind of murder is not uncommon to-day; and yet more common is one of extreme atrocity, though not quite so inhuman as when a mother and father kill their own child by lingering pain for the sake of the unspent remnant of a burial club allowance. Baby-farming was checked when Mrs. Waters was hanged, but that is a long time ago; and, if we may judge from recent revelations, the business has resumed its old activity. Neither savagery nor civilisation knows anything more horrible. Give me Sitting Bull for a friend rather than the woman who was accused the other day before Mr. Coroner Thomas, if the worst be true that has been told of both; and sad it is to know that the baby-farmer's crimes, incomparable as they are for unblenching heartlessness, are women's crimes and common.

This is a subject I know something about. Many years ago (before Mrs. Waters obtained her due) I made a systematic inquiry into the matter, with such results that I was afraid to print them. I found that in every quarter of London there were a dozen women ready to make bargains that carried murder on the very face of them; and still the business goes on, it seems—the foulest and most cruel that was ever invented. And I suppose that even some of those who practise would abhor it but for some dull idea that speechless babes are not quite human beings. No such excuse—poor as it is, and wonderful in a woman's mind—can be alleged for another set of brutal offenders—step-fathers and step-mothers. If truth must be told, here again women seem to be more frequently and inveterately cruel than men; though the records of the society which Mr. Waugh directs and Baroness Burdett-Coutts watches over tell many a tale like that which we read in the police reports the other day—a tale, it may be remembered, of a little boy of six and a broken jaw. That was a case of instant violence; more odious is the unceasing cruelty which children who are not unconscious babes have to endure at the hands of step-mothers jealous of "that other woman," and hating the evidence of her in that other woman's child. Such stories are told of such step-mothers that there is no repeating them in a

journal like this; and lumping these cases with the others, and adding thereto the barbarities endured by sick or weakly children lent to beggars, we may number the criminals and the sufferers by thousands.

Such criminals, and such sufferers! Parliament did something not very long since to bring punishment nearer to the one and rescue to the other; but I am of those who question whether enough was done. There are many difficulties in dealing with the matter, no doubt. For one thing, it is not so easy to interpose by law between parent and child as some, in their wrath, seem to imagine. But, considering the magnitude of the offences we have touched upon, their hideous malignancy, the concealments that shelter them, and the helplessness of the victims, I do think that safer and sterner punishments should be provided for the guilty. The hanging of a murdering baby-farmer once in a quarter of a century is not enough to limit the dreadful business in which Mrs. Waters had a hundred competitors and has now a hundred successors. Step-mothers who resent the existence of another woman's child by beating and starving it with cold and hunger, step-fathers who do the

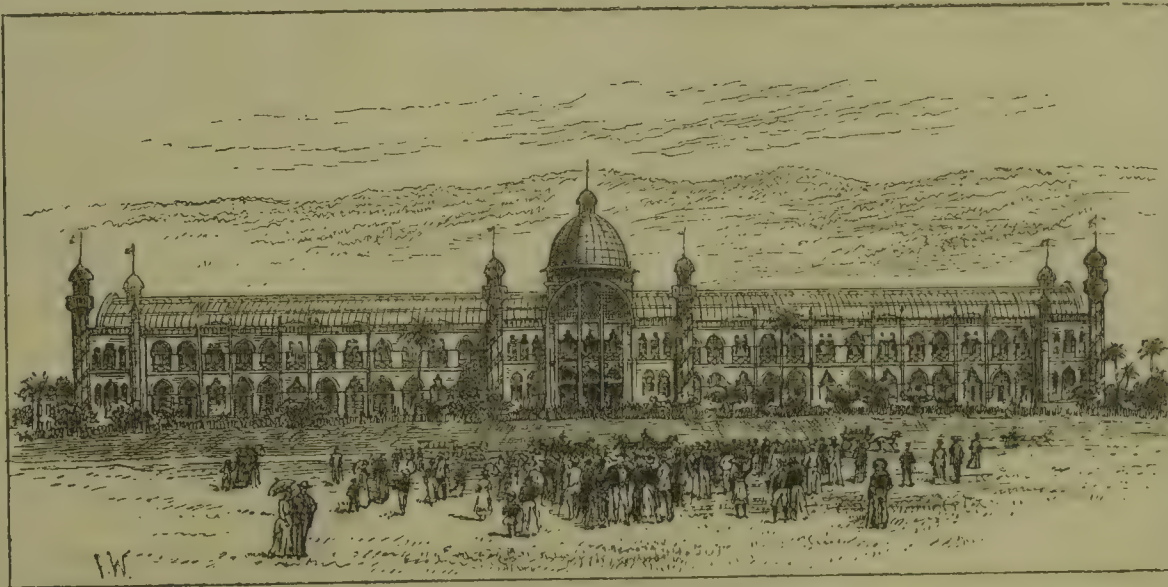


MOVING PALM-TREES INTO THE GARDEN OF THE JAMAICA EXHIBITION.

like, parents who hire out their sick children to street beggars—(at sixpence a day more for a cough)—these creatures should be sharply taught that they carry their privileges too far. By that I mean more sharply taught than they are now, even if it would take a special code of punishments to enforce the lesson. Meanwhile, I commend the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to the support of all who wish to aid in suppressing a common and most dreadful sort of cruelty.

THE JAMAICA EXHIBITION.

This colonial exhibition, to be opened at Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, by Prince George on Jan. 27 next, occupies a building pronounced by all who have seen it to be one of the most beautiful of the kind as yet erected for such a purpose. It possesses one advantage to which no other exhibition can advance any rival claim. The site is of unparalleled magnificence. It stands on a gentle slope at the top of the



THE JAMAICA EXHIBITION PALACE, KINGSTON.

Kingston racecourse, a fine view of the town at the farther end, the houses peeping out from amid palms and tropical verdure. Beyond the town the harbour, which is one of the finest in the world, glistens in the sun, the ancient town of Port Royal on the sandy palisades guarding the entrance, and the Caribbean Sea melting into the blue ether of the horizon. To the westward the Healthshire Hills, the Spanish Town Hills, and the Clarendon Mountains rise tier beyond tier. North of the building rises the stupendous chain of the Blue Mountains, Newcastle, perched like an eagle's eyrie on the shoulder of one of the peaks, seeming to keep guard over the plain below. A shady garden surrounds the beautiful exhibition, in which feathery bamboos, gorgeous bougainvilleas, and palms innumerable delight the eye, and afford varied interest to the new arrival in this tropical fairy-land. A few months ago this delicious garden was an arid field, destitute of trees or flowers save clumps of sturdy lignum vitae, with their blue blossoms. A couple of tree-removers were imported from England, and the astonished natives beheld lofty palm-trees, 70 ft. high, sailing like stately ships along the roads. Aladdin's Palace was not only rising in their midst, but Birnam Wood marching to Dunsinane was a mild wonder to that wrought before the inhabitants of Kingston. Thanks to the genial climate and the skilful management of Mr. Thompson, superintendent of the gardens, all the trees have thriven and taken root, only one tree having perished, a palm that was struck by lightning.

BEHIND THE SCENES: REFRESHING THE DRAGON.

Theatrical preparations and "properties," inspected off the stage, have a curious and piquant interest for some privileged observers. They discover that things and persons are not what they seem in the public exhibition—that the actors and actresses of romance or tragedy can meet in the green-room, with easy familiarity, or send out for their supper, like common mortals, descending from sentimental heights—that the scenery, palace interiors, forests, caves, and "antres vast," really consist of painted boards and canvas, and the superb costumes and decorations are perhaps of showy but cheap manufacture—all which tends to restore self-complacency after being dazzled by the accessory pageantry of the histrionic art. The youngest spectator of a pantomime or extravaganza, who has enjoyed its marvellous figures and scenic effects with a transient half-belief in their reality, would nevertheless be amused to see, "behind the scenes," how readily the giants, wild beasts, and other monsters can be dissected and stripped of their portentous integuments; how the roaring lion is but Snug, the joiner; the elephant walks by four human supporters, one encased in each leg; the tallest giant consists of one man riding on another's shoulders, with a proportionate head and mask of pasteboard above; the very waves of the sea, we have heard, are imitated by the movement of boys rolling beneath an azure carpet. When the Dragon, after his fight with St. George or Hercules, sits down to brief rest in a snug corner, loosens his ponderous artificial jaws and removes his fiery tongue, and drinks a pot of good London stout-and-bitter for his needful refreshment, might we be there to see! Mrs. Siddons herself, between the acts of "Macbeth," used to partake of the same invigorating beverage in her private dressing-room; and it may be had of the best quality in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. This Dragon's little daughter, attired as a Sprite or Fairy, has come to see her father before undertaking her flight, on wire moon-beams, to the upper realms of celestial light.

THE COMING CENSUS.

For the tenth time the people of these realms are about to be numbered. On Monday, April 6, every head of a family in England and Wales will be called upon to furnish particulars of his household to the Census-takers. Unless he wishes to present the State with a gratuity of five pounds, he must reveal the age, sex, birthplace, rank or occupation, of every person under his roof. It will be necessary also to state whether the ladies are married or single, and this feature of the statistics may cause a pang in many innocent bosoms. The enumerators will want to know, too, whether any member of the family is blind, deaf, dumb, mad, or imbecile. These inquiries may be a little trying to the temper in some cases, but they are welcome entertainment compared with the statistics collected by the American census. Our cousins over the ocean are fond of boasting of their superior independence, but they submit to some things which no English citizen would tolerate. American householders are required to state facts in their private history which wild horses would not drag from any Briton. Suppose a respectable ratepayer receives a document in which he is requested to furnish details of his family history designed to enable scientific gentlemen to draw conclusions as to the effects of hereditary disease? An inquiry of this nature may be painful distinctness at the cupboard where the domestic skeleton is immured. That melancholy effigy is not usually exhibited even to the privileged members of the family circle. Except in moments of interecine exasperation, it does not emerge from its retirement and take a seat at the domestic board. It is not interviewed even by the bosom friends of the house, if they can avoid it. But what can be the feelings of the man who tries to keep it under lock and key when he is called upon by an official paper to rattle the skeleton's bones through several statistical tables? Yet in America the census demands this operation, and the bird of freedom meekly submits. This is only one of many instances in which the personal liberty of the American citizen is exposed to invasions which the British householder would strenuously resist. It is bad enough to be compelled to give even the simplest particulars of one's household. Who knows the age of a maiden aunt? And who, even if he has mastered that mystery, can have the heart to set it down on a blue paper for official daws to peek at? It is noteworthy that ladies may act as enumerators. They may leave the schedules on all their neighbours. How are they to resist the temptation to put in several questions prompted by legitimate curiosity? Miss Jones, who is an enumerator, but loveless, may be eager to know how many men Miss Brown has jilted. This, when you think of it, is a very momentous subject for investigation. How many people have been jilted in England and Wales in the last ten years? How many of the jilts have come to a melancholy end? Some figures on this point might exercise a very beneficial influence. More useful still would be a return of all the pet aversions in the country. Men we know by their companions, but they would be better known by their prejudices.

It would be advantageous to a sociologist like Mr. Herbert Spencer to have full details of all the hobbies in Britain. This part of the Census would help us to gauge the progress of the national intelligence, which is of vastly greater importance than the national numbers. Carlyle made an informal census when he said that the people of Great Britain were "mostly fools." It would be satisfactory to determine, by authorised statistics, how far this calculation is justifiable. Moreover, the great charm of this inquiry would lie in the readiness of every man and every woman to state their likes and dislikes. They might denounce the census of their ages as inquisitorial, but the chance of airing their opinions would be hailed as a blessed privilege.



BEHIND THE SCENES: REFRESHING THE DRAGON.



"A GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER."—BY H. MIETH.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

If I were asked to express an opinion of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play at the Haymarket in a single sentence, I should say that any exaggeration of its merits is a very pardonable error. On a stage that is steeped in conventions, a modern English drama which tells a reasonable or, at all events, a plausible story, which makes character at least as important as incident, which surprises you not so much by ingenious tricks as by fresh and strong handling of original contrasts, which gives you, in short, if not actuality, something closely resembling it—such a play deserves an enthusiastic welcome, even if it does not fully stand the test of close analysis. It is easy to point out the faults of "The Dancing Girl." Mr. Jones is not quite superior to common theatrical devices. When the ducal spendthrift smashes a china bowl worth fifty pounds, you know that the little lady who follows him through the piece with vigilant affection, and is constantly at his elbow with a philosophical warning, will invite him to mend his life by "picking up the pieces." The fragments of the human bowl are put together in the fourth act, but the rivets are a little too obvious. You can't feel much interest in the breakwater at Endellion, which the Duke promised to build, and his neglect of which drove a number of mariners on a vague quest to the Arctic regions; so their safe return is not exciting. There is, indeed, so much mending of bowls in act four that even the pretty scene between the innocent Quakeress, Faith Ives, and her young sailor, who has repented of his vagrant love for her wicked sister Drusilla, and is absorbed in the felicity of having wedded Miss Blanche Horlock (lucky fellow!), becomes rather tedious. But though the fourth act is tame, this is inevitable after the tremendous climax which precedes it. Besides, I can forgive Mr. Jones for any little weariness at the end of the piece, because he has disdained to gratify a conventional sentiment by bringing his dancing-girl home to die of remorse in a snow-storm. No doubt, that is the way many playgoers would like the moral to be pointed. Mr. Jones's way is to make the Duke of Guisebury's guardian angel quote Dante and Herbert Spencer on the eternity of moral laws. Whether these ordinances ought to have saved the Duke from suicide, and sent his mistress to die of fever in New Orleans, is a point that may be pleasantly argued by casuists. No moral law intervened to rescue Hamlet, who, in a modern play, would be thought deserving of a better fate than actually befell him. Certainly Drusilla was well out of the world, and Mr. Jones may be pardoned for mending his Duke, though he need not have invoked Mr. Herbert Spencer to bless the process.

It is in the character of Drusilla Ives that the dramatist's daring originality is chiefly displayed. The way in which the true disposition of the "beautiful pagan" is gradually unfolded in the first act is simply masterly. Mr. Jones has chosen this heartless, conscienceless, fascinating young woman out of a Quaker household. It is a strange cradle for such a creature, but poisonous flowers sometimes spring from the soil which nourishes all the virtues. Drusilla, in Quaker guise, returning in sheer caprice to the kindred who have no suspicion of her real life, drawing into her toils the simple young man who is captivated by the audacious wiles which peep through the demure exterior, and who is confounded at last to see this Quaker maiden dancing in the moonlight for the diversion of her lover—Drusilla, in this scene, reminded me of Becky Sharp masquerading as an innocent in the private theatricals at Gaunt House. This is flattering to Mr. Jones, but I have another comparison which may seem even more extravagant. In the second act Drusilla strives to tighten the chains which John Christison, who has followed her to London, makes a desperate effort to break; and here I thought of the famous scene in which Richard Feverel is wooed by the siren. There is no touch of conventional commonplace in Drusilla from first to last. You cannot apply any canon of respectability to such a product of corruption. She is carried on by the momentum of evil, which is not checked when Guisebury, in a fit of penitence, offers her a coronet in the midst of the wreck to which she has brought him. She shares his last feast, and is deaf alike to appeal and denunciation when her father discovers her in the midst of her degrading triumph, with the applause of Guisebury's guests ringing in her ears. The whole of this episode is lifelike in an extraordinary degree. I have heard much rhetoric from indignant fathers hurled at erring daughters on the stage, but never anything so true and powerful as this. When the spirit of the "beautiful pagan" broke out in passionate defiance of the laws which called her to account, the conflict rose to the magnitude of that great duel which has been going on since the world began between the irresponsible love of all that is tempting in life and the stern dictates of duty and self-denial.

Here I may say that the acting is exceptionally good. Miss Julia Neilson fairly astonished me. I have hitherto thought her method hard and artificial, but she struck the note of sincerity in every one of Drusilla's wayward moods. Except for a certain restlessness, there was nothing overdone in the whole performance. Such power and variety were a revelation, and the audience were held breathless in her great scene with Mr. Fernandez, whose grim intensity completed the illusion. Indeed, there can be nothing but unstinted praise for this young actress and all her companions in the third act, which is a masterpiece of moving incident. All the subsidiary details are managed with striking skill. The arrival and departure of the guests are a study by themselves. The musician beset by his female admirers; the Indian potentate attended by his interpreter; the young enthusiast who fell most artistically down the staircase to help Drusilla to rise; Lady Bawtry, who receives the company, and whose cynical lines, admirably delivered by Miss Rose Leclercq, are perhaps a little too outspoken for some fastidious moralists; Mr. Reginald Slingsby, whose delightful humours are portrayed with mirthful fidelity by Mr. Kerr—all these figures have a new and most refreshing realism. And, above all, the Duke himself, who is about to make his exit from the world by giving society a final kick, and who, with the poison in his pocket, receives his valet's inquiries about the arrangements for his journey half in reverie, half in irony, is represented by Mr. Beerbohm Tree with numberless touches of genuine art. When Miss Rose Norreys, the guardian angel, crept down the stairs just in time to arrest the suicide's hand, the theatre burst into one great shout, which must have stirred the pulse of the most cynical critic. It was an honest tribute to a piece of writing and a piece of acting for which Mr. Jones and his interpreters deserve well of the English stage.

It is rather trying to turn from so unconventional a play as "The Dancing Girl" to so conventional a work as Mr. Jerome's "Woodbarrow Farm," which has been produced at Mr. Thorne's theatre. The Vaudeville has renewed its youth. Mr. Thorne himself, when he made his genial little speech in front of the curtain the other evening, looked so young that I listened with incredulity to his reminder that he made "Two Roses" bloom in the Strand twenty years ago. Unfortunately the material of Mr. Jerome's play does not share this youthful sprightliness. It is quite wrinkled. Who can possibly believe

now in the substantial young Devonshire farmer eating gravy with his knife, and showing the most blissful ignorance of the most ordinary usages of society? This young man, and the friends who try to get his money, and most especially the adventuress who wheedles him, though she is married all the time, and eventually repents in floods of tears, all belong to a bygone era. But it must be allowed that Mr. Jerome's dialogue is smart, that his situations are ingenious, and, moreover, that there is a large public to admire plays of this good old-fashioned kind. Mr. Bernard Gould plays the young farmer with a manly vigour that almost makes the character actual, though how Mr. Bernard Gould, the actor, separates himself from Mr. Bernard Partridge, who does such copious and excellent work with the pencil, is one of those mysteries of versatility which I should like to see explained. Excellent, too, is Miss Emily Thorne, the farmer's mother; and Miss Ella Banister is too charming a cousin to be left holding a pie so long in the last scene before she gets the reward of her affectionate fidelity. Miss Vane is a good deal more natural than most theatrical adventuresses of my acquaintance; and Mr. Thorne furnishes much subdued entertainment as a confidential butler who tries to teach the remarkable young farmer that a spoon, and not a knife, is the suitable companion for gravy.

What does Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy say to "Joan of Arc" at the Opéra Comique? I abide by his verdict. He has proclaimed his undying devotion to the Gaiety burlesque. "Joan of Arc" is an offshoot of the parent stem; and if Mr. McCarthy should declare that he will divide his evenings between the Gaiety and the Opéra Comique, I shall be convinced that Mr. George Edwards's new venture is the true metal. At first blush, you would not think that Joan of Arc was a very suitable personage for a Gaiety entertainment. The authors offer a poetical apology to the French nation for laying hands on one of their historic idols, and they also express the hope that their piece may increase the friendship between England and France. I join in this aspiration, which displays international courtesy in a new and fascinating light. The fun of "Joan of Arc" lies in the varied humours of Mr. Arthur Roberts and in a very droll costermongers' duet, sung with great spirit by Mr. Roberts and Mr. Danby. Both the words and music of this ditty ought to make it very popular. After that the best thing in the burlesque is the dancing of Miss Katie Seymour, who has fairly tripped her way into the graces of the public. Mr. Roberts's imitation of Mr. John Burns is not amusing, and it excited needless provocation on the first night. It would be judicious to substitute some different business for a piece of nonsense which irritates the gallery without diverting the stalls.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW STORY.

One half suspects that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Light that Failed," in the January number of *Lippincott's* has a touch of autobiography. The hero is an artist who comes back from a Soudan campaign on the flood tide of popularity. His battle pictures have caught the public fancy. Artillerymen gaze at his drawings in the print-shop windows, and discuss the details of a field battery going into action. Everybody praises the lifelike vigour of his work, but when he paints a soldier in the agonies of death for an illustrated paper he is told that it is too realistic, and when he produces a spick-and-span warrior instead, his bosom friend thrusts a boot through it. Possibly Mr. Kipling means this to be an allegory with a personal bearing, for "The Light that Failed" raises anew the question suggested by his earlier writings, whether his peculiar realism will in the long run be relished by a public unused to violent outbreaks of the uncivilised man. Within certain limits Mr. Kipling's observation is marvellous, but it is based on the instincts of the fighting animal. He is full of the military spirit. No one has ever written of Tommy Atkins with so much insight and appreciation. One of his soldiers, weary of peace, exclaims in an ecstasy of blind fury, "War, bloody war, north, south, east, and west!" This brutality is painted by Mr. Kipling with extraordinary force. It breaks through the conventional surface of society like a sulphur spring through a sudden fissure. Dick Helder witnesses an Arab surprise on the Nile, and the details of the attack on the British square are described with a vividness which may fill the most expert war correspondent with envy. In that scene Mr. Helder is no more and no less than a savage. He is no better at Port Said, where he hires Zanzibari girls to dance by the light of kerosene lamps, that he may sketch them. He is just as brutal when he walks round the terrified chief of the newspaper syndicate, in London, who wanted to "exploit" his pictures, and who listens with speechless horror to this sardonic young demon threatening him with incredible torments if the sketches are not promptly given up. Dick is only moderately tamed even by his love for the woman who was everything to him when they were boy and girl, and whom he finds, after ten years, labouring at an art which she cannot master, and indifferent to everything except the success which never comes. Now here Mr. Kipling touches a point where brutality ceases to be of any service. We are asked to sympathise with Dick's devotion to Maisie, who is held aloof from him by an obstinacy which has really little or no interest. The pair hold long debates about art—straggling conversations which lead to nothing. The serious thing is that, despite the immense pains which Mr. Kipling has spent upon her, Maisie remains till nearly the end of the story the unfilled outline of a vain ambition. Her craving for success has no pathos. The red-haired girl, her companion, who is consumed by a hopeless passion for Dick, is vastly more touching, though she is barely sketched. You feel that the author is labouring with a barren theme, and that the whole structure, which was so brilliantly begun, threatens to go to wreck, or, worse still, to commonplace, when suddenly everything is retrieved by a happy inspiration. Maisie goes to France, and the young savage sets to work on a picture which destroys his eyesight, and incidentally introduces a female savage from the street who sits as a model, and ends by cutting the picture to pieces in a frenzy when the artist is stark blind. Maisie returns, and, lo! the dim feminine shadow suddenly becomes a real woman, and the last three pages save the story. Mr. Kipling has worked this time on a much larger canvas than usual, and it is impossible to say that he has produced a well-proportioned and harmonious composition. There are passages of astonishing brilliancy. There are phrases which deserve to live. Above all, there is the unsparing energy of a man who knows what effects he wants to produce, and strives for them with all his might. There is human nature, too—human nature in the lump, but scarcely fashioned into the clay which has an independent life—and a voice that vibrates with actuality in every tone. That voice speaks to us forcibly in some of Mr. Kipling's stories. In "The Light that Failed" it is solely the voice of the young savage, and one gets a little tired of him. Mr. Kipling has done wonders with his uncivilised man bursting the bonds of convention; but as he is in no danger of sacrificing his great talent to the spick-and-span chromo-lithograph humanity, he may learn in time that brutality is a monotonous note.

THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE DUTCH MASTERS.

The Dutch pictures this year are of more than ordinary interest and brilliancy, and our more recent collectors are beginning to show with credit by the side of those who have inherited their pictures from past generations. In the early years of the present century, shiploads of Dutch pictures, many of them of great merit, were sent over to this country, and sold almost wholesale, and at absurd prices. It was at this time that the Bearwood and Peel Collections made some of their best acquisitions; and it is to this deluge of Dutch art that we owe the occasional discovery of some interesting vestige of its passage in remote and unsuspected corners of southern England. Nowadays, the value of pictures is more widely known, and there is no need to conceal them from liberating armies and camp followers, as during the French occupation of the Low Countries. The style, too, of the pictures now sought after by connoisseurs differs almost as much as the manner in which they were obtained.

Mr. A. J. Roberts's striking collection of landscapes by Ruysdael (58), Cuyp (59), and Hobbema (60), or the three companion works by Van der Velde (67), Both (20), and Cuyp (74), are as fine specimens of their several masters as one would wish to see; but they will not excite a tithe of the interest aroused by the "Soldier and the Laughing Girl" (52), a gem by that rare master Jan van der Meer, of Delft, which Mr. Samuel Joseph purchased recently at the Doules sale in Paris. This belongs to a class of works like the "Card Players" (85) of Peter de Hooghe and "The Letter" (92) by Terburg (both from the Buckingham Palace collection), which show the brighter and more elegant side of *la vie intime* as it existed in Holland in the seventeenth century. They all bear witness to a desire on the part of the painters to do something more worthy of posterity and fame than the alehouses and revels and drinking bouts which the burghers of Amsterdam and the Hague were continually demanding from Teniers, Jan Steen, and others.

In portraiture, however, the dignity of painting was ever maintained by Dutch artists, and seldom has there been seen at Burlington House a more interesting group than that of the four pictures by Franz Hals, of which the portrait of Pierre Tiarek (69), lent by Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, and that of Johann van Loo (71), in the quaint costume of the Archers of St. George, lent by Mr. M. Colnaghi, dispute the first place. The difference between the Dutch and Flemish portrait-painters is, moreover, admirably brought into prominence by the juxtaposition of Rubens's superb rendering of the Marquis di Spinola (62), in the gorgeous robes of a knight of the Golden Fleece. He was a contemporary of Johann van Loo, and may have met him in the bitter warfare of those times, when, for a moment, Dutch independence seemed staggering under the blows which Spinola, as Philip the Third's General-in-Chief, was inflicting upon the defenders of their country and religion.

ENGLISH WATER COLOURS.

The collection of water-colour drawings intended to illustrate the progress of that art is as noteworthy for the specimens it contains as for the names it excludes. Of Edward Dayes, Francis Francia, William Marlow, and J. C. Barrow little survives, and they exercised as slight influence in their lifetime as their works arouse interest now; while Henry Edridge, William Parr, and Michael Angelo Rooker, although they reached the rank of Associates, seem to have been selected as representative painters in water-colours for no other reason than for the insignificance they enjoyed as painters in oils. On the other hand, Copley Fielding, W. H. Pyne, Harding (a master of the theory of water-colour painting), and many others whose names have become household words, are absent.

Nevertheless, it is only fair to say that the collection represents with sufficient accuracy the various phases of the art, from the "tinted" drawings of Paul Sandby, cold, incorrect, and prosaic in subject, down to the rich poetry of such works as Fred Walker's "Vale of Rest" (154), with which the selection should have fittingly closed—for the Almshouse at Bray was less changed in 1870 than is Windsor Castle and Hyde Park from the time when the views (1-9) were painted by Paul Sandby in 1780. These, however, remain as interesting archaeological studies, in the same sense as Dayes's "View of Greenwich Hospital" (12), J. C. Barrow's "Port of London" (33), or the view of the Monument with a corner of old Gracechurch-street (32) by W. Marlow. Looking at these and similar contemporary work, one is almost led to think that the want of any special recognition by the Royal Academy of the art of which Paul Sandby was the chief exponent may have been due to the fact that water-colour painting in 1770 and later was regarded as a branch of architecture. At any rate, it was not until Girtin that we got any suggestion of that free sketching from nature and sympathy with pure landscape which ultimately became the keynote of the art in this country. For Cozens, owing perhaps to his personal relations with Sir William Hamilton, rather overdoes the classic or Italian landscape, and it needed Turner's individuality and Girtin's adherence to nature to break the spell which seemed to hang over the earlier efforts of our painters in water-colours. From that moment, however, the triumph of the "pleinairists" was assured, and we have the unbroken tradition down through Cotman, Bonington, De Wint, and David Cox, until it attained a sort of poetic refinement in the work of Fred Walker. The love of architectural drawing still lingered, but in the hands of James Holland and Samuel Prout it invested quaint old buildings or majestic cathedrals with fresh claims to our admiration, and awoke in many that love of travel which had hitherto been like Dr. Syntax's in search of the picturesque.

These stages of our truly national art are carefully marked in the exhibition at Burlington House, and for many will prove a more attractive subject of study than the more imposing works of the Old Masters.

No less than 289 German schoolboys and girls committed suicide during the six years from 1883 to 1888. Some interesting official statistics have been published which let a curious light in upon the causes of this tragic fact. There were forty-six boys and twenty-four girls who were influenced by fear of punishment; four boys and one girl were affected by unhappy love-affairs, and fifteen boys and one girl by nervousness before examinations and after unsuccessful examinations.

The Chinese have long threatened retaliation upon those nations who shut their gates against the ever-flowing stream of emigration from the Flowery Kingdom, but, if some wealthy Chinese merchants in the United States are well informed, we may soon see decided action by the Chinese authorities. These merchants describe the United States exclusion law as an outrage to which the attention of their Government has been earnestly directed of late. "If the United States serves us so," they say, "why should not we banish United States residents from China and forbid the importation of United States goods?"

THE SALVATION ARMY SOCIAL SCHEME.

BY FRANK SMITH,

Late "Commissioner" in charge of the Social Wing.

In the heart of Imperial Westminster, hardly a stone's-throw from the gilded palace of the nation's Senate and the venerable fane which enshrines the sepulchres of her ancient Kings, stands one of the men's shelters of the Salvation Army, situate in Horseferry-road. Unpretentious in its outward appearance, and somewhat difficult to find by reason of its being set back some distance from the thoroughfare, it attracts but little attention from the ordinary passer, but the visitors having once crossed its threshold have before them an interesting object-lesson in practical philanthropy.

Altogether, unlike the institutions in Whitechapel noticed last week, and working amid surroundings of a totally different character, the Westminster shelter has a constituency peculiarly its own. As in the East-End, we find the ranks of the suffering poor and homeless nomads are generally made up from that stratum of society which, at its best, but drags out a tortuous existence, and, under the most favourable circumstances, can scarcely hope for anything beyond the mere



AT THE MEETING, WESTMINSTER SHELTER.

supplying of the daily needs. Here we meet an altogether different type of the homeless ones, composed, for the most part, of that peculiar section of the community termed "shabby genteel," possibly because of its being upon the outskirts of the aristocratic West-End. The shelter itself is a large and substantial brick building, admirably adapted for its purposes. Passing from the pay-office along a tiled passage, we find, on the ground floor, the kitchens and lavatories, also a spacious waiting-room, at the rear of which is a dormitory, accommodating about a hundred sleepers. Thence, by a wide stone stairway, we reach the large meeting-room, in which also the meals are served. Upon this floor also are located the Captain's office and the sleeping-rooms of the "Orderlies," with another spacious dormitory over the one below, making a total accommodation for 200 men. The building throughout is well ventilated and thoroughly warmed by steam-pipes running through each room.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the doors are opened for the reception of the guests, who, paying fourpence at the office,



THE COBBLER.

it would be difficult to hazard an opinion. Perhaps it is a begging letter of the professional type, or maybe an application for work. In the wash-rooms a variety of occupations is in progress, from the washing of linen (of course it is more in the shape of compliment than a statement of fact that we designate it "linen," as the garments themselves are in most instances but a series of patches with holes interspersed) to the itinerant hairdresser who turns an honest halfpenny by attending to the tonsorial needs of his brothers in misfortune. Others are seated here and there mending their clothes, or, with the help of the shoemaker's tools loaned by the establishment, are raising the sadly worn heels of their shoes.

Others, less industriously inclined, surround the large boiler,



A SCEPTICAL LISTENER.

and in its genial warmth, under the softening influences of their pipes, recount to each other the day's doings, or compare notes on the vagabond world in general. A select few may be observed in pleasant conversation with the orderlies on duty within the highly conserved precincts of the kitchen. Throughout there is generally a marked absence of the gross verbiage or actions which are popularly supposed to be the natural characteristics of the "submerged." No doubt the general surroundings and kindly spirit evidenced by those in charge are the chief causes of this, but it is fair to those using the shelter to say that the liberty granted is rarely abused.

Although the general influences of the scene are in no degree depressing, there are here and there in the picture shades of pathos well calculated to touch the tender chords of the most callous heart. Circumstances and histories may be gathered of a character difficult to imagine. Those who have come in contact with new arrivals will often find that just before coming to the shelters they had been possessed of home and friends, both of which were forfeited by one false step. These may usually be recognised by their reluctance to join the general crowd.

Seven o'clock brings supper, when each man receives his allowance of bread and a pint of hot cocoa or coffee. To those whose worldly wealth enables them to indulge in the outlay of an extra halfpenny, an orderly supplies a modicum of butter or jam, a little luxury, by the way, of which most are able to avail themselves. An hour is occupied in supper and general conversation, which if not always the most select rarely descends to the profane. Occasionally an instrumentalist enlivens the proceedings with a Salvation air, and the performer, sketched by the Artist, giving

way to his inner thoughts, has evidently drifted into a reverie. At eight the men troop in to the meeting, and, for another hour, join in the singing, or listen to the addresses of the officers or visitors, and throughout the attention and decorum speak volumes as to the tractability of the hearers.

With nine o'clock the evening closes, and the dormitories are taken possession of, the wooden box-like bunks are turned down and the mattress and leathern cover arranged, and although to most of us the accommodation would appear more than meagre and the general surroundings undesirable, yet to

those poor waifs, whose only resting-place would be the streets, or—in times of prosperity—the bed of a low lodging-house, the shelter is most welcome, and their sleep neither disturbed nor unrefreshing.

To those who have spent many nights passing to and fro amid these sleeping forms, the sight, though sad enough, is not without some cheering feature, inasmuch as there is borne in upon one the consciousness that, with the most crushed and worst circumstanced among them, things have not become too bad for hope of betterment. Familiarity with the class described also inspires one with the assurance that not only is there a desire for labour but a willingness to turn to advantage the opportunities that are offered them for gaining an honest livelihood. Whatever may be said of the Salvation Army social effort from the economic standpoint, it



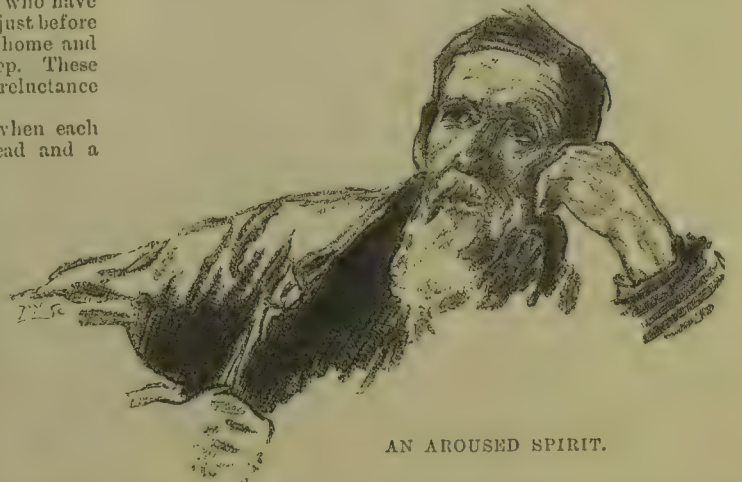
HAIR-CUTTING.

has accomplished very much that is encouraging in its dealings with poverty, and has also demonstrated the necessity of taking greater account of the causes of poverty. Much hope, indeed, may be derived from the movement of the past year or two—that is, if practical work is not hampered by other and ulterior motives and interests.

An unusually severe winter in the south of Russia is causing the wolves to manifest an uncommon ferociousness in raiding the Steppe hamlets. In many districts the peasants' New Year festivities have been marred by the necessity for their keeping an unremitting day-and-night watch against the stealthy attacks of their lupine enemies, who harry the cattle-pens and sheepfolds. In one case a pack of some 200 wolves was observed pursuing a trail across the Steppe.

Under the direction of the Rev. J. J. H. S. Pennington, the Rector of St. Clement Danes, a substantial meal of roast beef and plum-pudding was given to 456 ragged boys of the parish on Jan. 15, and the following evening 575 poor girls, who are usually occupied in selling flowers and oranges, or employed in factories, were similarly feasted, and afterwards presented with gifts and suitable clothing. The Rector sends us the gratifying assurance that in these large gatherings, of over a thousand waifs, strays, street-arabs, and ragged children from one of the most congested districts of London, there was an entire absence of rudeness or rough language during the entertainments.

A congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire will, it is hoped, be among the features of the coming season. Many of the colonies have approved of the suggestion, and it is believed that a really representative gathering of colonial business men could give a needed stimulus to the practical side of the Imperial Federation movement. Among the topics to be discussed would, no doubt, be Sir Gordon Sprigg's proposal for another conference of delegates of



AN AROUSED SPIRIT.



A REVERIE.

receive a ticket, which entitles them to supper and breakfast and a place in which to sleep. Up to supper-time the men are left pretty much to follow their own devices; a minimum of supervision only is needed, the single compulsory rule being that, after entering the building, none are supposed to leave until the morning. Some, tired out, stretch themselves upon the forms, others seek a warmer seat upon the steam-pipes. Occasionally we find one writing a letter, of the contents of which

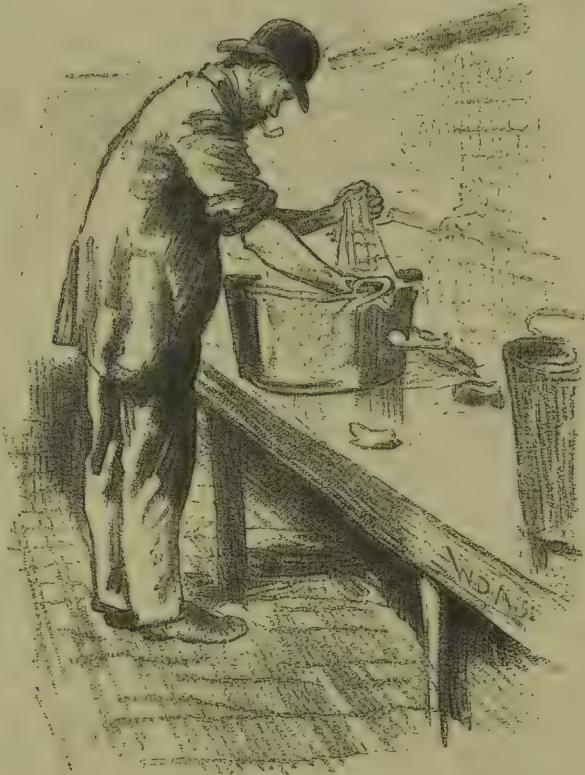
Colonial Governments to discuss the establishment of a customs union for the Empire. The question bristles, of course, with difficulties, for, as Sir Julius Vogel, the ex-Premier of New Zealand, says, such a customs league must not raise the price of food, must not seriously prejudice the foreign custom of Great Britain, and must not prevent the Colonies from raising by customs duties such revenues as they require. Does it pass the wit of man to devise such a plan? The Chambers of Commerce of the Empire might, at all events, see what they can make of it.



ROUND THE BOILER.



A WARM SEAT.



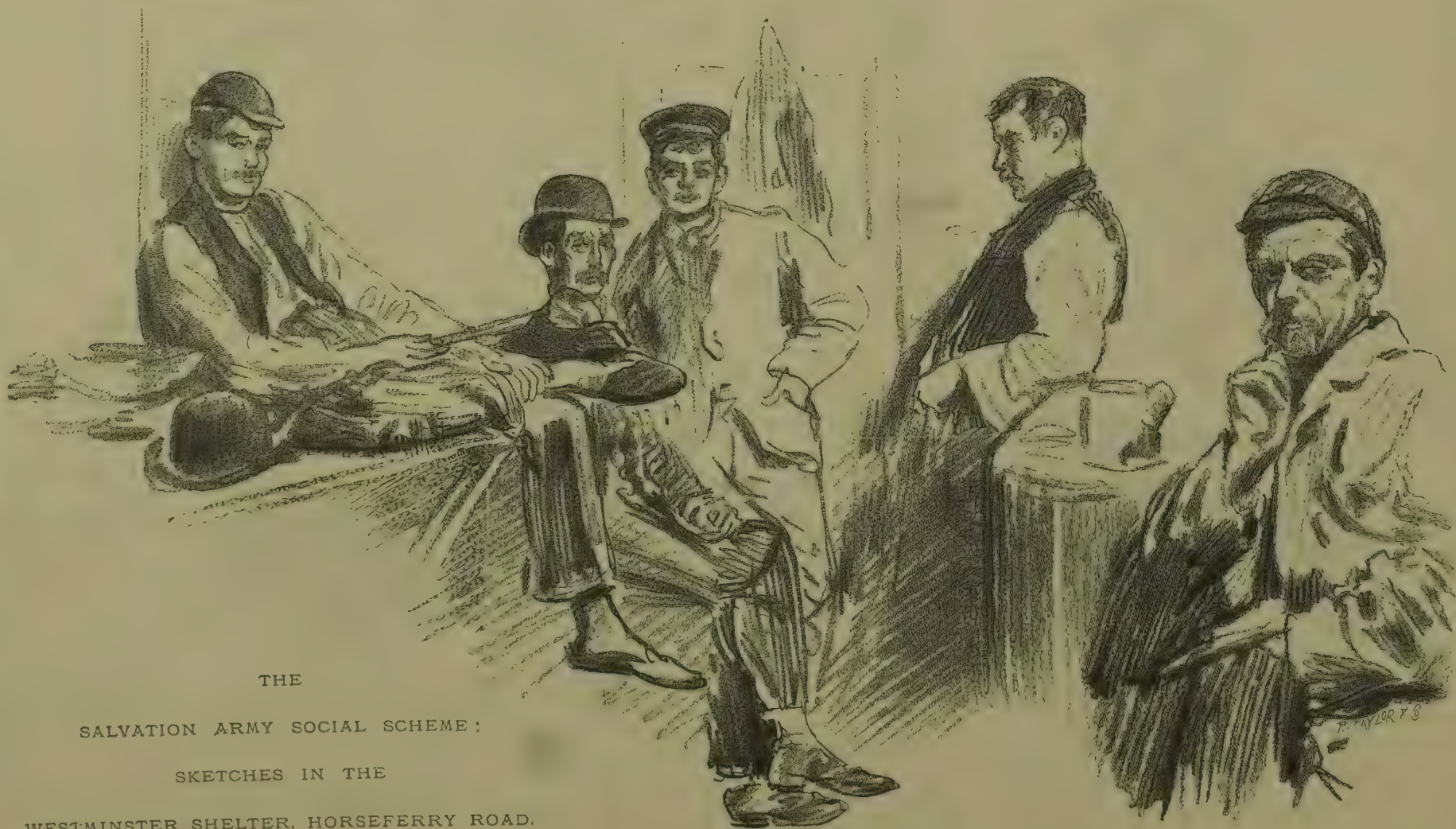
WASHING HIS SHIRT.



TAKING BUTTER TICKETS.



LETTER-WRITING.



THE
SALVATION ARMY SOCIAL SCHEME:
SKETCHES IN THE
WESTMINSTER SHELTER, HORSEFERRY ROAD.

IN THE KITCHEN.



SHIPPING NITRATE AT PISAGUA, CHILE.

VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM.

In Count Philippe Auguste Mathias de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, who died in a hospital—that last home of so many men of genius—less than a year and a half ago, the Paris of the Café Ponsset lost one of its most noted "originals," and French literature a writer of extraordinary and extravagant genius. Villiers, who had lived obscure, died in something like renown; but the renown was long in coming, and even now it is but partial, so far as popular appreciation is concerned. Villiers was always either before or after his time; never quite of it. Ultra-modern in his way, he hated what is known as "progress"; and progress, having no time to make allowances or distinctions, swept him and his protest out of the way. The loss was his and ours.

He was born at Saint Brienc, Nov. 7, 1840, and in his nineteenth year began the career of letters by publishing a volume of poems, under the title "Premières Poésies"—a prophecy which has, unhappily, remained without fulfilment, for the astonishing little volume has had no successor. Philosophical romances, romantic dramas in prose (one of them, "Elen," a masterpiece of quite an original kind), followed in quick succession; in 1870 "La Révolte," an Ibsen-like drama in one act, was played (for five nights) at the Vaudeville; another play, much less interesting and characteristic, "La Nouvelle Monde," gained a prize of 10,000f. in 1876; in 1880 appeared a volume of tales, entitled "Contes Cruels." Here, for the first and for the last time, we are able fully to appreciate, within the covers of a single book, the entire range and mastery of one of the most unequal of writers. The book is to me the most delightful thing in modern French fiction. In this I express a personal opinion; but I record a deliberate judgment in saying that for exquisite subtlety of spirit and form, for a delicate and etherealised perversity entirely modern and entirely personal, for sheer effect alike of charm, of terror, of grotesque and ironical humour, these tales must be assigned a place among the finest French work, here where French work is inimitable. How such a volume could have failed to make an immediate and profound sensation is to me one of the insoluble mysteries of popular caprice. Six years later a bulky satire on "modern love," and the modern man and woman, "L'Eve Future," a book certainly of great cleverness, but lacking in all the finest qualities of its predecessor, hit that shifting mark, the taste of the general public, and brought readers to a man of genius who had hitherto only had students. From that time Villiers enjoyed the unvoiced luxury of being paid for his contributions; his name began to reach a little beyond the esoteric circle of his admirers; and the query once addressed to me by one of that circle was at last possible: "Le maître si peu compris va-t-il devenir actualité?"

"Actualité" Villiers never has been, as a writer; but he has attained to something of it as a man. He is the hero of innumerable stories current in literary Paris—stories which make up a "legend" probably only too legendary. Descended from the Villiers de l'Isle-Adam who was Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, and with an immense consciousness of his claims of family, as well as of his claims of genius, Villiers's life, during the earlier part of it at least, was a long struggle of very genuine Bohemianism, varied by fantastic episodes of momentary prosperity, during which it was one of his greatest pleasures to go and see his friend Wagner at Bayreuth. If we may believe the "legend," poverty drove him to strange expedients; and (still in the "legend") we see the illustrious Count at one time a boxer, at another a *croque-mort*—grotesque incidents, rendered still more grotesque by certain misadventures. It was his pleasure, as well as, in some sort, necessity, to haunt the cabarets and cafés such as his immortal "Démouilles de Bienfilâtre" frequented. They were, in more senses than one, his study; and there, amid the clink of glasses and the chatter of *lorettes*, he would write his tales. He was often to be met with at Madame Nina de Villard's—a *salon* of cultivated Bohemianism, where poets were welcome, rich or poor, and the conventionalities were unknown. "C'est la vérité," says Paul Verlaine, somewhere, "que ces mémoires chez Nina furent féériques, voire un brin diaboliques!" We remember the lively tale of a friend who first met Villiers (a frequent and a favourite guest) "chez Nina," when—amid the noise of a festive party past midnight, the champagne-corks all out, and Charles Cros singing his famous sculptor's song, "Proclamons les principes de l'art!"—Villiers rose up in disgust from the piano, where he had been improvising in his really magnificent way, but to deaf ears. At that time he was notably handsome, with the dashing distinction of a typical "Mousquetaire." His conversation was at all times wild, paradoxical, brilliant, like his books—probably with somewhat of an affected, or rather of an exaggerated, eccentricity, cultivated in disdain of the commonplace, and part of that hatred of the "gens de Sens Commun" which, all through life, pointed the sharpest arrows of his satire. It may be said that, for him, practical life did not exist. He hated "progress," and cherished impossible ideals. A dreamer, and, in his way, a Catholic, a believer in the things of the spirit, his cynicism was the other side of a profound spirituality; in the earliest as in the latest, in the latest as in the earliest of his works we see him, through all his travesties, a knight-errant, "on the side of the angels." It is not without real truth that, in a friendly caricature, published in the admirable series of "Hommes d'Aujourd'hui," he is represented as a knight in armour, his helmet crowned with preposterously waving plumes, and in his hands, grasped tightly, the most trenchant of weapons—a quill pen. A. S.

There has just passed away at Eton, in his seventy-first year, George Talbot, the well-known instructor of the art of swimming. The deceased was swimming-master to the Royal family, and among his pupils were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught. For many years Talbot was swimming-master at Eton and Marlborough Colleges.

The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* reports that in the immediate neighbourhood of Tanga, in German East Africa, an important series of stalactite caverns has lately been discovered. They are in a system of Jurassic limestone, and what has been already observed in the cursory investigation which has been made suggests that the caverns far surpass any similar ones in Europe, both in extent and size. The floor is thickly covered with a deposit of stuff resembling guano. Millions of bats seem to be the only present occupants of the interior.

Mr. C. J. Tomkins's mezzotint of the late Canon Liddon (published by Messrs. Graves, Pall-mall) will supply a want which has been widely felt and expressed by the late Canon's admirers. The face, as reproduced from Mr. G. C. Whitfield's "Men of Mark," is softer and of a younger man than Londoners were accustomed to see in the pulpit at St. Paul's; but it is marked by that sense of delicate humour which, as all the Canon's more intimate friends testify, characterised him throughout life. Moreover, it has the advantage of being reproduced from the only portrait to which he gave anything like an imprimatur, so much did he shrink from the idea of courting notoriety.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

BLAIR H. COCHRANE (Clermont).—R to Kt sq will not solve the problem by "Author Unknown"; neither will Kt to Q Bth solve Mr. Kennard's problem. We must refer you to any elementary treatise on chess for an explanation of a capture en passant; we have no space here.

KNEEWORTH.—Your problem is sound, and shall appear shortly.

T. ROBERTS (Hackney).—You are one of the very few, so far, who have paid attention to the difficulties of B takes B, which is the main idea of the problem, and in which its chief interest lies. The reply is 2. Castles, and Mates.

W. BIDDLE (Stratford).—Very neat, and if correct shall appear.

DR. F. ST.—The amended diagram to hand, with thanks.

J. P. TAYLOR.—Many thanks; will write shortly.

JULIA SHORT.—It is not the author's; neither, we fear, is it a solution at all. But you are not far wrong, so try again.

M. BURKE.—Compare your solution with the one we publish.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2433 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 2433 from C. W. von Alten (Wyoming, U.S.A.); of No. 2437 from M. A. Byrne and Captain J. A. Challice; of No. 2438 from Tortebasse, Captain J. A. Challice, C. D. (Amherst), and J. Hope; of No. 2439 from Lieut.-Colonel Lorraine (Brighton), John G. Grant (Basing), W. H. Reed (Liverpool), M. Mullendorff (Luxembourg), Captain J. A. Challice, J. Ross (Whitley), Tortebasse, N. Gales, C. E. H. (Chilton), W. H. D. Henvey, and E. St. John Crane (Leicester).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2440 received from W. R. Rallem, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Dawn, M. Burke, T. G. (Ware), Columbus, D. McCoy (Galway), Herbert Chown, Lieut.-Colonel Lorraine (Brighton), Joseph T. Pullen (Lancaster), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), N. Harris, E. W. Brook, W. Wright, A. Newman, R. Watters (Canterbury), E. Louden, Martin F. J. D. Tucker (Leeds), R. H. Brooks, R. Fernando (Dublin), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Sorrento (Dawlish), M. Mullendorff, G. Joicey, E. E. H. B. Hurford, Shadforth, H. S. B. (Fairholme), Alpha, A. Gwinner, Edward Bygott (Sindhu), C. B. H. (Chilton), Blair H. Cochrane, Dr. F. St., C. E. Perugini, J. Hall, W. H. D. Henvey, J. Cand, T. Roberts, J. J. Evans, and J. Hope.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2439.—By BERNARD REYNOLDS.

WHITE. 1. R to B sq. 2. Mates accordingly.

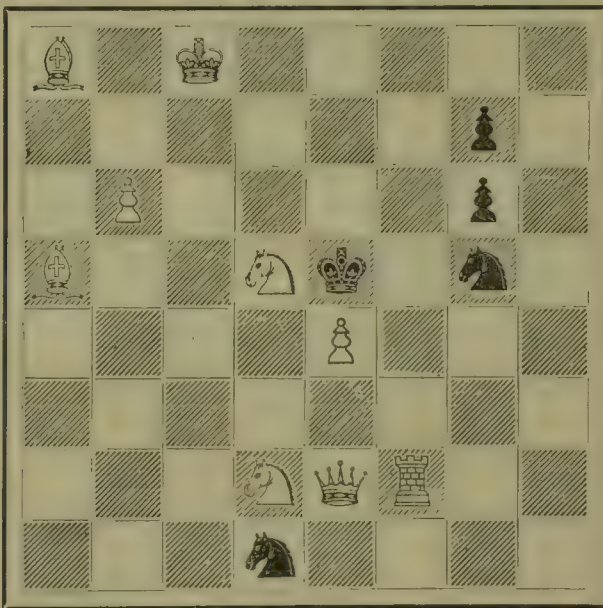
BLACK. Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2442.

By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

This problem obtained honourable mention in the Munich Problem Tourney.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LEAMINGTON.

Game played at the Leamington Chess Club between Messrs. BLACKBURN and ASPA, the former contesting twenty-one other games simultaneously. (Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Kt to Kt 6th	Q to B 2nd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Castles (K R)	
3. B to Q B 4th	B to Q B 4th	20. Kt takes R	P to K B 4th
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	21. B takes Kt	R takes Kt
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. B takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd
6. Kt to K 2nd	P to R 3rd	23. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	Q takes B
		24. P takes P	K to R sq
		25. P to Q B 4th	B to B 3rd
		26. P to B 6th	B to K sq
		27. Q to Kt 7th (ch)	Q takes Q
		28. P takes Q (ch)	K to Kt sq
		29. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 3rd
		30. K to K 2nd	K takes P
		31. Kt to K 2nd	K to B 3rd
		32. P to K R 3rd	P to B 3rd
		33. K to B sq, and Black resigned.	

Black has opened very tamely, and this is worse than tame, it is a bad move.

Good gallery play, and in a match of this sort better than actual soundness.

Black should now have played B takes B P (ch), followed by Kt to Kt 5th, regaining both P and piece—as well as breaking up White's attack.

12. B takes P. B to K 3rd.

13. Q to R 6th. Kt to R 2nd.

14. Kt to R 5th. P to K B 3rd.

15. Kt to R 4th. Q to K 2nd.

16. Q to Kt 6th. Q to B 2nd.

17. Q to R 6th. Q to K 2nd.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in Mr. Fraser's International Tourney between Messrs. G. B. FRASER, of Dundee, and F. F. AYRE, of Hull.

(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Q takes Q	B takes Q
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	17. R to K sq	K to Kt 2nd
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	18. B to K 3rd	P to K B 4th
4. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Q Kt 5th	19. B to K B 3rd	K to B 3rd
5. Castles	Castles	20. B to Kt 2nd	B takes B
6. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt	21. K takes B	P to Kt 4th
7. P takes Kt	P to K 5th	22. P to K B 3rd	R to K 2nd
8. P takes Kt	P takes Kt	23. B to K B 2nd	Q R to K sq
9. Q takes P	Q takes P	24. R takes R	R takes R
10. B to Q B 4th	Q to K R 5th	25. K to B sq	P to Kt 5th
		26. R to K sq	R takes R (ch)
		27. B takes R	P to Q B 4th

An extraordinary oversight on the part of Black. He might safely have taken the Q P with B.

11. B to K 2nd. B to K 3rd.

12. P to Kt 3rd. Q to K R 6th.

13. P to Q 4th. B to K B 4th.

14. P to Q B 3rd. K R to K sq.

15. Q to K R 5th. P to Kt 3rd.

The position is now clearly drawn. In reply, however, to Black's 27th move, his adversary returned an answer which bore two interpretations, of which his opponent took advantage, and was adjudged the game.

The *Chess Monthly* for January contains a portrait and sketch of Mr. George Newnes, M.P., the popular president of the British Chess Club. Too well known to need any particulars here, it will suffice to state that in the chess world Mr. Newnes displays the same energy and business abilities that have made him famous elsewhere. He is an ornament to the game in the strictest sense of the word, for no meeting of consequence connected with chess can be held except under his chairmanship. He is credited with being the best chessplayer in the House of Commons, and is a strong fighting member of the club over which he presides. He excels in many things, but most of all in making himself liked by everybody with whom he comes in contact.

In the City of London Club exhibitions of simultaneous play are now given every Saturday at three o'clock. The exhibitions given by Messrs. Vyse, Morian, Zangwell, and Jacobs have all been very successful. In the winter tournament, Mr. Eckenstein is leading in No. 1 section, and Messrs. Gibbons, Gooding, and Kidpath have won their respective sections. The spring tournament of the club commences on Feb. 16. Messrs. Ingoldby, Coburn, and Maas will be among the new competitors in this tournament.

The Khedive is now on a tour up the Nile. On his arrival at Assouan thousands of persons, including the townspeople and a number of Arabs, mounted and on foot, lined both banks of the river, and gave his Highness a cordial welcome.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

What was the probable origin of the legend of the salamander being capable of existing amid fire? Like most, if not all, other natural history myths, this fable must probably have sprung from a germ of truth. That germ I conceive to be the fact that, when irritated by the presence of fire or by any other method, the salamanders are capable of throwing out from their skin-glands a fairly copious supply of a watery fluid. If we presume that some early observer noted this power or property, and heard the hiss of the salamander's skin-secrections, it may be easy to trace the succeeding stages of the legend, whereby the animal would gradually grow to be credited with the power of extinguishing fire, or of actually living in the midst of the flames. The above thoughts were suggested by the perusal of certain recent researches of a Herr Schultz on the skin of salamanders. These animals, it should be noted, are not reptiles, as is commonly supposed. They belong to the toad and frog class, known in natural history circles as that of the *Amphibia*. Reptiles, as a rule, are contained within an armour-casing of scales or bony plates, or both; while the frog and toad class possesses a naked skin, which, by the way, is of vast service to the members of this group as a breathing organ, and as an aid to the lungs wherewith they are provided in adult life.

One thing is certain, that none of the frog class possess any poisonous secretions which are active enough to injure man at least. Shakspeare's indictment of the toad as "ugly and venomous" is an illustration of poetry which is untrue to nature, and probably also of the fact that looks do prejudice the case of lower and higher animals alike. If the toad is not venomous it is ugly enough to be so, is the popular commentary on Shakspeare's words. Herr Schultz has found in the salamanders that two kinds of skin-glands exist: those that supply the ordinary *mucus*, or fluid of the skin, and poison-glands so called. The latter exist chiefly on the back and limbs, behind the eye, and at the angle of the jaw. The secretion of the poison-glands is described as corrosive, and it is said that it may be discharged in a fine jet, when the animal is stimulated. The corrosive properties of the poison must be very slight indeed, in so far as man is concerned, for one may handle toads and salamanders freely enough and without experiencing any evil effects. Doubtless, however, the presence of the poison-glands serves as a protective measure to the salamanders. They are not likely to be readily preyed upon by birds or other animals if the taste of their skin-secrections is, as is likely, disagreeable to their captors. In this way, the race may secure a comparative immunity from the attack of certain enemies; although, I dare say, the pig, for instance, which seems fairly poison-proof all round, might, in a state of nature, prove a very decided and powerful foe of the toad and salamander race.

What with margarine as a substitute for butter, our duo supply of cheap (and necessary) fat may be regarded as fairly sure. Margarine, properly made, is in itself a perfectly wholesome article of consumption, albeit most of us prefer the direct product of the cow. There is some consolation in our knowing that whatever fat we eat is certainly not directly added to our bodies as such. In other words, it requires to pass through a digestive process, as do all other forms of food; and nothing more true was ever said than the dictum of Professor M. Foster, who remarks that fat may be, and is, formed from that which is not fat. Being an important form of food, and one without which the animal machine cannot work healthily or satisfactorily, it is satisfactory to learn that chemical science is likely to place on the market another form of fat, in the shape of cocoa-nut butter. "The milk of the cocoa-nut" has long had a proverbial, if also somewhat slang, signification. Now it appears that out of the cocoa-nut milk we are to get butter. Germany is importing cocoa-nuts in large quantities for this estimable purpose, and the objections which we may entertain to margarine will, of course, be entirely wanting when the question of using the vegetable product crops up.

My friend Mr. Lawson Tait, of Birmingham, last year woke up the Rip van Winkles of the medical profession by insisting, in the course of a stirring address, that part of the "apprenticeship" of the young doctor should be spent in teaching him to use his hands freely and actively. Carpentering, work at a lathe, and in a smith's shop were among the means, if I mistake not, which Mr. Tait advised, to the end of making the doctor's hands skilful in his professional work. There is much truth contained in the statements made at Birmingham. A doctor who is not clever with his hands is but a "feckless body" at best, and, curiously enough, I noted recently a strong word of support for Mr. Tait's ideas in the shape of an address delivered in connection with dental education in Philadelphia by Dr. E. C. Kirk. The discussion on this paper evoked some very common-sense remarks from Dr. J. L. Eisenbrey, who held that a physical training reacts on the brain, and that aptness in the use of the hands becomes correlated in a very distinct manner with activity of the mind. This is a fresh argument, in a way, for athletics in schools; and now that even girls' schools of any repute are provided with gymnasia, it is to be hoped we shall hear less about physical deterioration and more of the increase of brain-power and of muscular Christianity together.

I have been perusing Mr. Besant's Christmas story—rather a gruesome one—"The Demoniac," a tale of hereditary drunkenness finding its subject in a promising young man, and ultimately laying him low after a series of most skilfully depicted battles with the tempter. The story should become popular with ultra-teetotalers, but I should like to point out that as a matter of science Mr. Besant might perfectly well have ended his story powerfully and yet pleasantly, instead of causing one to lay down the book with a sigh for poor humanity at its weakest and worst. I remember discussing this problem of heredity with the late Wilkie Collins, who has treated the topic, in his "Legacy of Cain," from an opposite standpoint to that of Mr. Besant. I do not deny that George Atheling might have died as Mr. Besant pictures him; but I do maintain that, with all his nobility of purpose, he might (as thousands have done) have as perfectly and as completely conquered his vice. I am an intense admirer of Mr. Besant's works. He will pardon me, I am sure, for suggesting that science at least did not compel him to kill (in his novel) the interesting young man he has portrayed.

It is alleged that gold has been discovered in the old workings of some silver and lead mines situate on the main road between Grenoble and Briançon. The mines are of great antiquity, and, according to local tradition, were once worked by the Saracens, but no record exists of gold ever having been found in them.



A. Garrick's Favourite Snuff-box.

B. Wedding-rings of Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince of Wales.

C. Eye of George IV. when Prince of Wales, painted by R. Cosway, R.A.

D. Eye of Mrs. Fitzherbert, painted by R. Cosway, R.A.

E. Heart in Hand. Sign of Fleet Marriage.

F. Silver Pen, presented by Edmund Burke to Dr. Johnson on the completion of the Dictionary.

G. Bible on which George III. took his Coronation Oath.

H. White Satin Shoe worn by the Duchess of Devonshire when a child.

I. Dr. Johnson's Silver Bib-holder.

J. Glass used by Napoleon during Battle of Waterloo.

L. Handel's Harpsichord.

M. Field-glass used by Wellington at Battle of Waterloo.

N. Lord Nelson's Telescope.

RELICS AT THE GUELPH EXHIBITION, NEW GALLERY, REGENT STREET.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The cruel weather of this winter is killing the aged and the weakly with unexampled rapidity, and especially so in London, where the death-rate from diseases of the organs of respiration has been more than double the average of the time of year, for several successive weeks. There seems to be but little to be done by the medical art in acute cases of chest disease. The essential point is good nursing. The main items that the nurse must attend to are to keep up the temperature of the room by night as well as by day, to maintain the strength by giving frequent supplies of light nourishment, to warm the chest with incessant large poultices, and to keep the air that is breathed moist with steam. But, when all is done, it comes to little more than standing by and watching the wrestle between the strength of the patient and the singularly debilitating disease. Hence it is that to frequently give nourishment of a light kind is so important. But the scant strength of aged persons, with hearts enfeebled and digestive powers failing, cannot be maintained by that means as effectually as the more active vitality of younger persons may be, and so such a winter as we are having gives Death a plentiful harvest of the fully ripened grain.

Not often do we hear of two members of that most limited order of the Peerage, the Dukes, dying in one week; but both the recently deceased Peers were aged. In the case of the Duke of Somerset, it is remarkable that his heir is the third brother in succession to take the title. The eldest of the three, the twelfth Duke, however, held the rank for over thirty years. He was married to one of those three beautiful Sheridan sisters who helped, by their brilliant marriages, to prove the fallacy of the untruth often told to plain little girls—that beauty is of no consequence. Beauty made of these three girls, respectively, the Duchess of Somerset, the Countess of Dufferin (mother of the present Marquis), and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, wife of the heir apparent to another peerage, that of Grantley. Whether to be so made great is to be made happy is, of course, quite another question. Mrs. Norton's marriage was notoriously most miserable; Lady Dufferin was for a great part of her life a sufferer from severe illness; and the Duchess of Somerset, the mother of two sons, saw them both die before her, leaving her husband's brother, the Duke just deceased, heir to the peerage. This brother never married, hence the third brother now succeeds.

Riches and greatness, indeed, not only do not ensure life or happiness, but they even fail often to secure comfort and attention in sickness. It would be base to rejoice in this fact, but certainly, when it appears sometimes a rather bitter thing that the material goods of life should be so unequally divided as they are, it may be remembered that the human lot is really much more equalised than at first may appear. This is no conventional twaddle, but simple fact. In this matter of attention in sickness, many a middle-class invalid, watched over by tender affection, is far better cared for than is some-

times the master of a great fortune, left to the mercies of paid servants. Indeed, the poor who are lucky enough to come under the regular routine treatment of a hospital ward or a modern parish infirmary are probably better nursed, on the whole, than most richer people. The death of the last son of the twelfth Duke of Somerset was a conspicuous instance of how untended it is possible for the great to lie sick. Lord St. Maur—the second title which the Duke's son takes—died in his father's London house, but it was dismantled, for the family had left for the country. He was sleeping for the night in a small, dark servant's room, and there he lay long, suffering and uncared for—too suddenly taken ill with hemorrhage of the lungs to go to seek for help. When at last he was discovered, there was such want of service, and lack of every appliance of comfort, that the doctor hurriedly called in was astounded to find at length that this neglected and ill-housed patient was the heir to one of the proudest and oldest titles of the kingdom. The tale came out because the poor Duchess, in the madness of her sorrow, accused the doctor of not having done enough to save her last son alive; and the doctor promptly sued her Grace for the libel, and recovered heavy damages.

The new Duchess of Bedford is one of that small band of aristocratic ladies—of whom, perhaps, the Countess of Aberdeen is the most conspicuous example to the public—sincerely interested in all social and moral questions, with perhaps a little leaning towards the Puritan type of thought. Lady Tavistock has always dressed plainly, and has taken an unobtrusive share in various philanthropic and religious efforts. She is the only sister of that well-known temperance speaker Lady Henry Somerset—they are the two daughters of Lord Somers.

Vast as was the income drawn by the late Duke of Bedford from London, he was not wont to give much back in charity, or even in expenditure on his property. However, he greatly improved Covent-garden Market, and in the course of doing so he went to large expense to provide lavatory accommodation for the women employed there in pea-shelling, walnut-picking, and other similar duties. There are altogether a considerable number of these female workers in Covent-garden; and, on Dr. Frances Hoggan's privately drawing the Duke's attention to the lack of arrangements for their comfort, his Grace immediately gave orders that they should be provided for in the improvements of the market.

Miss Ellen Terry was the bright particular star of a party crowded with celebrities that was given lately, by Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter), when the guests had an opportunity of seeing how singularly young that most delightful of actresses looks at close quarters. Her big son and daughter were there, and profusely called her "Mamma." No matter: she was still, in her old-gold brocade, with its turn-down lace frill and Watteau pleat back, the fairest, brightest, merriest vision possible. If she could sell her secret of perpetual youth, what a fortune she would make!

Mr. Edric Bayley, a member of the School Board for

London, suggests that the large sum of money now spent by that body on "enforcing the bye-laws"—that is, in plain English, in forcing children into school—shall be used instead in providing free dinners. He believes that this bribe would be a more effectual way of getting good attendances than threats and prosecutions. Well, the idea is as old as the fable of the two men who used diverse methods of getting their donkeys to race: the one beat his mount unmercifully, but it merely kicked and jibbed—the other suspended a bunch of carrots on the end of a long pole in front of his animal's nose, so that the sagacious creature, running after the savoury bait, rapidly arrived at the goal. No doubt Mr. Bayley is right enough about the effect of free dinners, but they could not be given as a sort of prize for previous bad attendance, but must be available for all children attending the schools. The result would be that nine tenths of those on the rolls would have to be catered for, and that would be very costly. What might be safely and charitably done, however (only I think it should be the task of voluntary effort, aiding the official educational work), is to start in every locality a system of self-supporting dinners, to which children bringing a ticket to show that they had been to school that morning should alone be admissible. There is nothing more wasteful than our present system of buying and cooking food separately for each family. Sufficient meals can be provided at a surprisingly low cost if the economy of association and of division of labour be called into play, as they are now in almost every form of business in the world but this one of food-preparation. There is a great field here for some philanthropic and businesslike women.

The Cardinal Newman Memorial Fund, which originated in Birmingham shortly after the great prelate's death, will, it has been decided, be devoted to three purposes. Two of those purposes—the maintenance of a high standard of education at Edgbaston Oratory School, and the provision of a new church at the Oratory—apply, of course, to Roman Catholics. But a wider interest and sympathy will be extended to the third purpose, which is the erection of a Newman statue at Oxford. Subscriptions are to be devoted to whichever scheme those who forward them may direct.

In the year of her jubilee the Emperor of China sent her Majesty some very costly gifts. On the occasion of his marriage the Queen has reciprocated the courtesy by presenting the Emperor with a beautiful clock. It is made of solid silver, is about 5 ft. high, and is ornamented with exquisitely wrought figures in high relief, one of which represents Britannia. It is provided with chiming bells giving the same notes as the clock at Westminster. On a suitable place an inscription has been engraved in twenty-four Chinese characters, recalling the twenty-four hours of the day. This inscription has a general reference to the auspicious event which was the occasion of the present, and expresses the wish that the timepiece may never sound but happy hours for the recipient.



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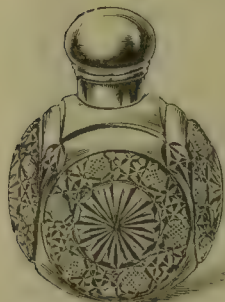
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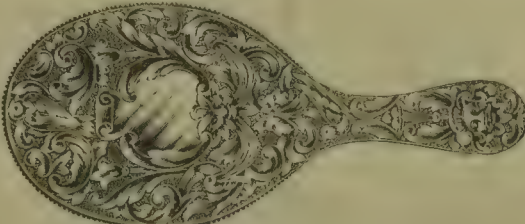
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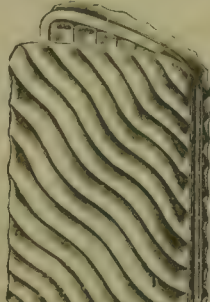
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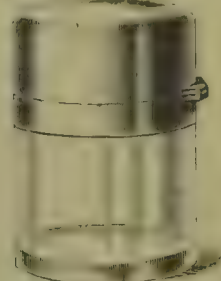
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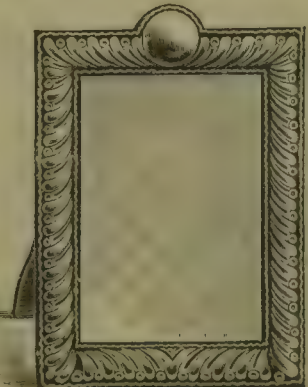
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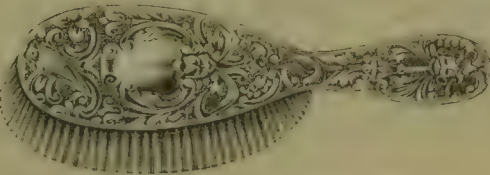
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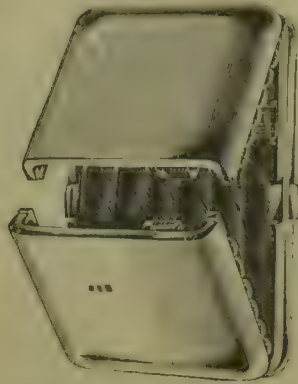
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 22, 1878), with two codicils (dated Jan. 28 and April 10, 1879), of Mr. Thomas Brown, formerly of Sydney, New South Wales, merchant, and late of 8, Hyde Park-terrace, who died on Dec. 12 last, was proved on Jan. 12 by Thomas Brown, James Wyld Brown, and Charles Atherton Brown, the nephews, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £599,000. The testator bequeaths a few legacies, and leaves the residue of his property, as to one moiety, to the children of his late brother, John Brown, except Margaret Younger and John Mackellar Brown, and the issue of any deceased child; and, as to the other moiety, to the children of his late brother, William Brown, except Caroline Watson, and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated June 26, 1890) of Mr. Montague Williams, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., J.P., D.L., late of Woollands, near Blandford, Dorset, who died on Dec. 3, at the Langham Hotel, was proved on Jan. 10 by Walter Sherburne Prideaux and Montague Scott Williams and Herbert Scott Williams, the sons, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £175,000. The testator leaves £500, all his jewellery, horses and carriages, and such portion of his furniture and effects, except plate, at his principal residence, Woollands, as she shall choose, to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Elizabeth Williams. Part of his plate is to go with the Woollands estate, part to his wife, for life, and various articles are given to his sons Herbert and Arthur. He also leaves £500 and the furniture and effects at the Manor or Parsonage House, Woollands, to his son Montague; £4000 Brazilian Four per Cent. stock and nine new shares in the New

River Company to his son Arthur; eight new shares in the New River Company to his son Herbert; various investments, representing about £12,000, upon trust, for his son Eustace, for life, and then for his children; £65,000 Two-and-Three-quarter per Cent. Consols, upon trust, for his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow, and then for his sons Montague, Herbert, and Arthur; and legacies and annuities to gamekeeper, gardeners, labourers, and other servants and others. He settles an adventurer's old share in the New River Company upon his eldest son Montague Scott Williams, who succeeds under settlement to the Woollands estate, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male; and Rothsay House, Dorchester, upon his second son, Herbert Scott Williams. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one third to each of his sons Montague, Herbert, and Arthur.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1890), with three codicils (dated April 24, May 31, and Nov. 9 following), of Mr. William Clement Cazalet, J.P., late of Greenhurst, Surrey, who died on Nov. 17 last, was proved on Jan. 9, by Edward Henry Ebsworth, William Dawes Freshfield, and Henry Bacon, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £139,000. The testator leaves £500 to be divided between his executors; all his horses and carriages, wines, and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Emmeline Agnes Cazalet; his shares in the Spirone Company (Limited) to his son Clement Horton Langston Cazalet; and the Greenhurst estate and all his lands in the counties of Surrey, Dorset, and Devon, all his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, live and dead stock, and his share and interest in the Kalinkin Brewery, St. Petersburg, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his said son. In the event of his wife

marrying again he makes up her income with what she will be entitled to under settlement to £5000 per annum; and provides that £500 per annum is to be paid to his son during the life and widowhood of his wife, and £100 per annum to each of his daughters on attaining twenty-one, while unmarried during the same period. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to all his daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1885), with three codicils (dated June 7, 1886; Aug. 8, 1887; and May 21, 1889), of Mr. John Sangster, late of Sacketts-hill, Kent, who died on Nov. 17 last, was proved on Jan. 7 by Sherwood Mockett, Albert Edmund Loughborough, and Francis Sangster, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator bequeaths £100, his wines and consumable stores, and an annuity of £200 to his wife, Mrs. Susannah Sangster; £500, upon trust, for his son Frederick and his children; £3000 Indian Railway stock, upon trust, for his son Francis, his wife and children; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, Julia Green, Ellen Susannah Sangster, Henry Lawrence Sangster, and Emma Henrietta Mockett, and his daughter-in-law, Cecilia Sangster, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 23, 1862) of the Very Rev. Richard William Church, D.C.L., Dean of St. Paul's, who died on Dec. 9 at Dover, was proved on Jan. 9 by Mrs. Helen Frances Church, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £32,000. The testator gives and bequeaths all his estate and effects, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife.

The will (dated March 10, 1886) of the Rev. Richard A'Court Beadon, Prebendary of Wells, late of Heronslade, Warminster, Wilts, who died on Nov. 30 last, was proved on



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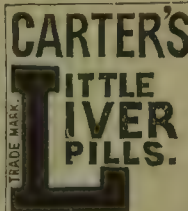
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250 VICUNA CLOTH COSTUMES, edged with Astrachan and trimmed Roman braiding, worth 65s., now 39s. 6d.

105 BLACK SPANISH LACE DRESSES, worth 35s. 6d., now 25s. 6d.

225 CHILDREN'S MATERIAL COSTUMES, worth 25s. 6d., now 5s. 11d.

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250 WHITE and COLOURED CAMBRIC and ZEPHYR TOILET GOWNS, originally 6s. 11d. to 31s., now 4s. 11d. to 25s. 6d.

Jan. 6, by Miss Caroline A'Court Beadon, the daughter, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects, both real and personal, to his said daughter absolutely.

The will (dated May 26, 1882), with eight codicils (the last dated Feb. 13, 1889), of Miss Mary Luckcock, late of Oakhill, Edgbaston, Warwickshire, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Jan. 2 by Miss Emily Allen and Henry Pershore Parkes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testatrix bequeaths to the Mayor, Aldermen, and burgesses of the borough of Birmingham, for the purposes of the Art Gallery, her oil painting by Morland, and she directs the legacy duty thereon to be paid out of her estate; £1000 each to her cousin, the said Emily Allen, and to Catherine Ruddle; and numerous other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate is to be divided between the said Emily Allen and Henry Pershore Parkes, equally.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1888) of Mr. John Edmonds, late of Clifton Lodge, Queen's-road, Watford, Herts, who died on Oct. 31 last, was proved on Jan. 6 by Joseph Edmonds, the son, William Sheppard and Joseph Allen Edmonds, the grandsons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator devises various freehold properties at Watford and Bushey and all other his real estate to his son Joseph. There are specific bequests of shares in banks and other companies to his children, Joseph, Edith Jane, Isabel, and John James; and legacies of £20 each to his executors, Mr. Sheppard and Mr. J. A. Edmonds. The residue of his property he leaves to all his children.

The will (dated May 18, 1881), with five codicils (dated

Jan. 30, 1882; Feb. 10, 1883; and Feb. 15 and Aug. 20, 1890), of Miss Frances Minshull, late of Bryndinas, Beddgelert, Carnarvonshire, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Jan. 3 by Charles Alfred Jones, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to her executor; £300 to her companion, Augusta Amelie Starke; £3751 (in addition to £3000 already paid) upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of her late nephew, Captain John Randle Minshull Ford; and other legacies. The income of one moiety of the residue of her real and personal estate is to be paid to the said Augusta Amelie Starke, for life, and subject thereto she leaves the said moiety, and also the other moiety, to the children of her said late nephew in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1890) of the Rev. William Tyler, D.D., late of Pine House, Holloway, who died on Dec. 13 last, was proved on Jan. 9 by Mrs. Maria Jane Tyler, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testator bequeaths out of his pure personalty such sum as will produce £300 per annum, which is to be paid to his wife, for life. At her death he gives one fifth of the capital to the London Missionary Society; one fifth to the British and Foreign Bible Society; one fifth to Hackney College, Hampstead, to found scholarships not exceeding £20 per annum each in Greek, Hebrew, and English literature; one fifth for the poor of Trinity Congregational Church, Mile-End New Town; and one fifth, with the further sum of £2500, upon trust, to increase the stipend of the minister or pastor of Trinity Congregational Church. He also bequeaths £200 to Hanbury-street School, Mile-End New Town; £100 each to the London Congregational Church and Chapel Building Fund, the Congregational School for the Education of the

Sons of Ministers (Caterham), the Mount Milton School for the Education of the Daughters of Congregational Ministers, the Institution for the Education of the Daughters of Missionaries (Sevenoaks), the Home for Little Boys (Farningham), King Edward's Industrial Schools, the Bethnal-Green Free Library, the Ragged Church and Chapel Union, the Asylum for Fatherless Children (Reedham), the Christian Instruction Society Memorial Hall, and the Home or School for Sons or Orphans of Congregational Missionaries; and other legacies. There are gifts of some freehold and leasehold houses to his brothers George and Charles, and the residue of his property he gives to his wife.

The will of Mr. John Greenwood, J.P., late of Tarleton House, Burnley, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 8, 1889, was proved on Jan. 8 by Robinson Greenwood and James Greenwood, the brothers, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000.

There are at present 251 religious denominations in England and Wales.

We may not, perhaps, be so far from the adoption of improved methods of time-reckoning as recent writers on the subject have imagined. The other day Mr. Sandford Fleming, one of the foremost engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, drew up an exhaustive memorandum on the possibilities of improvement in this respect, and it is satisfactory to learn that the Committee of the Department of Science and Art has, through Lord Knutsford, forwarded this memorandum to the various Governments of the British colonies with a view to the adoption of the Zonal system in reckoning time generally and of the twenty-four-hour notation for railway time-tables.

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A Lady's Opinion.

Miss M. HUDSON, Twyford, Derby, writes: "Your Electropathic Belt has been an untold comfort to me. I would not be without one, and cannot say enough in favour of your Belts. All I regret is they are not better known. I shall be glad to write to any lady who may wish to hear more particularly respecting my case, and shall certainly recommend your appliances to my friends."



For HEALTH and STRENGTH—Harness' Electropathic Belt

RESTORES IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY, invigorates the debilitated constitution, stimulates the organic action, promotes the circulation, assists digestion, and promptly renews that Vital Energy the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Its heating properties are multifarious; it stimulates the functions of various organs, increases their secretions, gives tone to muscles and nerves, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, and renews exhausted nerve force. Acting directly on the system, it sustains and assists its various functions, and thus promotes the health and vigour of the entire frame.

A Clergyman's Opinion.

The Rev. WM. JOHN EDGE writes: "Having for some three years or more suffered from Sciatica, which at length became almost intolerable, I was advised to purchase one of Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts, which I have persistently worn except at night. The Sciatica has left me, and never returned.—Faithfully yours (Rev.) WILLIAM JOHN EDGE (late Vicar of Holy Trinity, Upper Tooting, S.W.)"

A Barrister's Opinion.

F. ARTHUR SIBLY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab), writing from Haywardsfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says: "I must testify to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. My vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. I have now regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health."

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Dr. Greenwood's Opinion.

Dr. GREENWOOD writes: "I have now worn your Electropathic Belt just a fortnight, and am more than gratified at the change in my health. When I began to wear it I suffered from Lassitude, Sluggish Liver, Constipation, Indigestion, and more or less, Insomnia, and, as a natural result, felt peevish and irritable. One of the first effects I experienced was feeling in better spirits with myself and my surroundings, and now I may say the whole of the above symptoms are removed. I have already begun to recommend it to my patients."

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JAN. 24, 1891

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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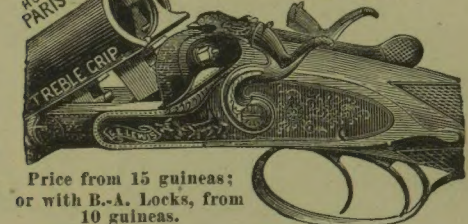
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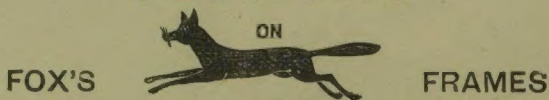
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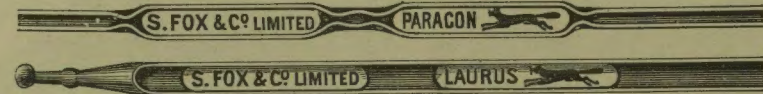
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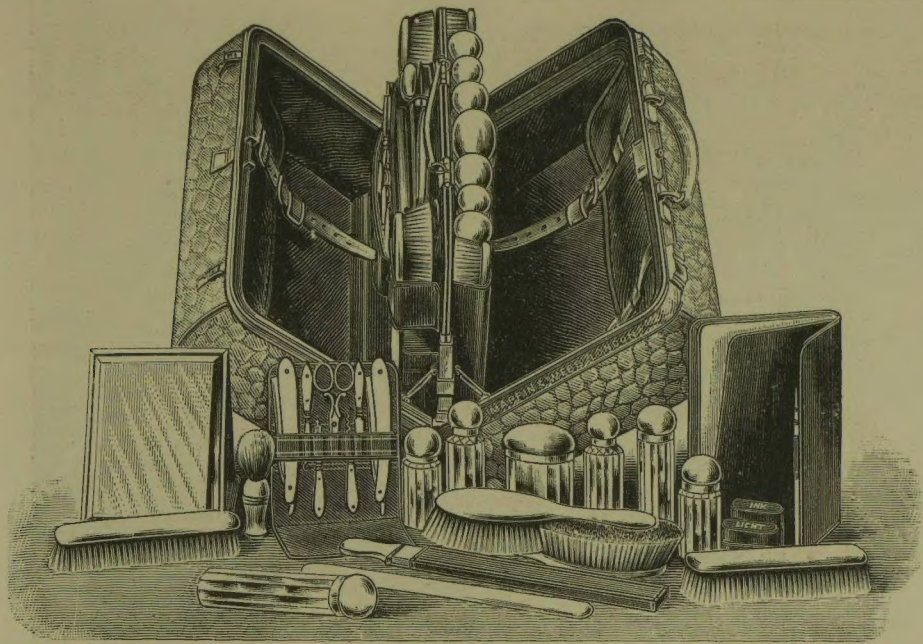
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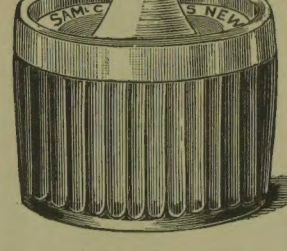
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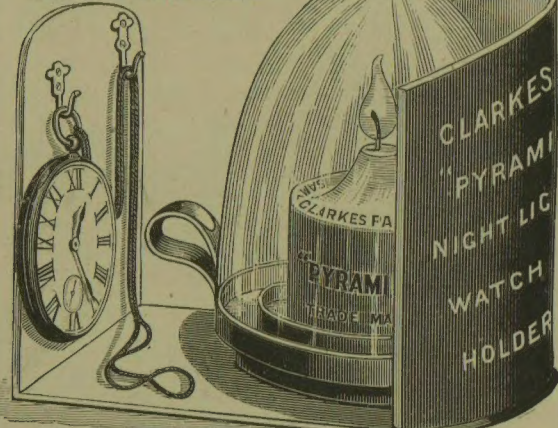
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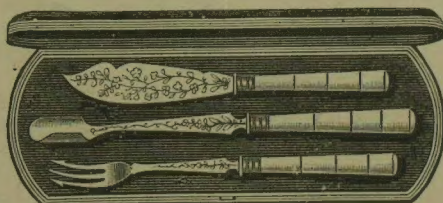
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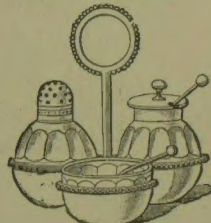
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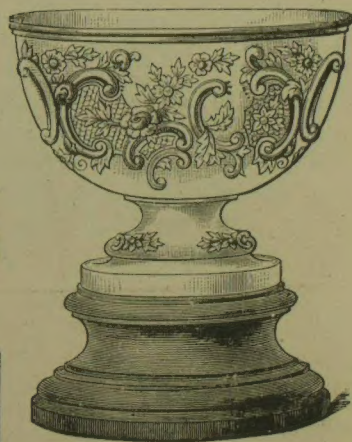
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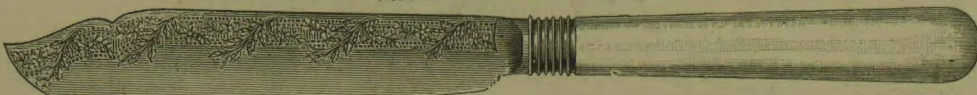


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